

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 416

Week Ending
MARCH 12, 1927

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny Every Thursday 2d.

AN OLD GENIUS BACK AT WORK

OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT

A GENIUS BACK AT HIS WORK

The Man Who Gave Florence
a Masterpiece

THE OLD ARTIST'S ROMANTIC STORY

There is in Italy today a happy old man whom all Europe is delighted to honour. He is Vincenzo Gemito, a well-known name to the everlasting throng of visitors to Florence, for they see his famous bronze Fisherman in the Bargello, the National Museum. It stands in the open air, at the top of one of the loveliest flight of steps in the world. Fascinating as the statue is, the sculptor's story is more fascinating still.

In 1885 Vincenzo was in Paris, proud and joyous, for his Fisherman had been shown in the Salon and everybody was talking of him. The writers and artists of Paris wanted him to become a French citizen, and a large sum of money was offered him for the bronze. But Vincenzo refused to let either his name or his art belong to any country but his beloved Italy. He refused the double honour.

The Shadow of Tragedy

Just about this time King Humbert and Queen Margherita were wanting an artist to make some beautiful things for their palace. They asked Vincenzo to come back to Italy and work for them. The famous sculptor obeyed, and returned to his native town of Naples. It is said that he returned with a few shillings in his pocket, as he had set out on his travels.

The queen particularly wanted a silver centre-piece for the dinner-table. Vincenzo made a lovely design, which pleased everybody. Then came the first shadow of tragedy. The sculptor was ready to cast the group in silver, an extremely costly process, and he had no money. He accordingly applied for some. A group of State officials who were in great power chose this moment to wreak some petty revenges on the king and queen, and they refused to make the grant.

Love the Healer

Every day for eight months Vincenzo went to the palace to ask for money for his work. Probably he thought of poor Michael Angelo in the same plight, turned rudely away by a groon of the Vatican when he was working at the Pope's tomb, and of the two journeys Michael Angelo had to make to Bologna from Rome when he was painting the Sistine roof, returning each time without a penny in his purse.

As time went by this penniless artist Gemito, whose whole life and soul were devoted to beautiful things without any sense of personal gain, became the victim of a terrible obsession. Misery

The Chief Among the Boys



The Chief Scout is seventy, but his heart is as young as any in his great Scout Army. He kept his birthday in South Africa, where he is on a visit to the Boy Scouts of the Union. Here the boys are carrying him with great jubilation

and disappointment told on his highly-strung, sensitive nerves. His mind darkened, and for twenty-two years, with brief intervals, he did not know what reason was.

Love and tender care brought his spirit back to life. A young artist married Vincenzo's daughter and established himself as a pupil of the unhappy sculptor. He was determined to make the artist live again. For some time Vincenzo took no notice of him. Then he began to do some stray bits of modelling to help the young man; then he began to work again himself. No words could tell the joy of the young couple when they saw the sculptor making a lovely figure, which showed that his genius was unimpaired.

This awakening had been a labour of love on the part of Vincenzo's son-in-law. His daughter now set out to achieve her heart's desire. She craved an interview with that good woman the Duchess Elena d'Aosta, and told her the story of the old man whose work had almost become a legend.

The duchess went to the studio to see the sculptor, and invited him to the palace in the king's name. Vincenzo took a model of the statuette he had made, and accompanied by his son-in-law went to see the queen. The queen bought the statuette as an act of atonement, and it is now with other souvenirs at the Palazzo Margherita.

A happy era has opened again for this old sculptor, and Italy knows that more beautiful things will be created by him during this second blossoming of his genius. In order that poverty shall touch him no longer the State has made him a grant of money. Vincenzo is now working in peace again, his dark years forgotten.

Picture on page 7

HIS LITTLE BROTHER

A pathetic thing happened in Lincolnshire the other day when the 82-year-old blacksmith of Benniworth was laid to rest. He had asked that the little shoes of his twin brother, who died in babyhood, should be buried with him, and the wish was granted.

THE BIRD AT THE LAMP

ROUND AND ROUND IN A RING OF DEATH

Sad Fate of Travellers to
Little Treasure Island

LIGHTHOUSE TRAGEDIES

By Our Natural Historian

In a few weeks our naturalists will be preparing their diaries for notes of the first arrivals of the birds swarming up from the South to nest and rear their young during our short, sweet summer.

It is a time of joyous excitement, but it is a season of tragedy too. Thousands of birds perish on the journey. Storms, mists, excessive fatigue, the fowler's nets and snares, butchers with guns on our own shores, all take cruel toll.

But the saddest irony of all is that our lighthouses, set up for the protection of life, are responsible for tragic chapters of death among the migrants.

The End of the Flight

Little creatures which have come unharmed the length of Africa, through the scorching heat, over the trackless forest, across the burning desert, breasting icy mountains and skimming the deadly seas, guided as by some living compass, unfailing in direction, unwearying in flight, end miserably in exhaustion and death at the window of light set up for saving life.

At night, when the great lights pierce the darkness with flashing radiance, the winged wayfarers dash themselves to pieces against the buildings. They are not only dazzled; they fly round and round in the light, as in a dance of death, the whole night through, till they fall into the sea or on the rocks and die of exhaustion.

The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds has just equipped its fifth lighthouse with life-saving perches, this time at Bardsey, off Carnarvonshire, where, before the perches were installed, the keepers have not uncommonly had to carry away whole barrowfuls of dead birds from the base of the tower.

A Chance for the Children

In its sudden entry from a world of darkness into stabbing flames of light the bird's instinct has no ready remedy. Birds were never meant to fly by artificial light. The poor things fly round and round after each other, lost and bewildered, helpless as strayed sheep in the wake of a benighted leader, confounded as a file of processionary caterpillars marching head to tail in an endless circular chain.

Our summer migrants are priceless wardens of our crops and gardens, as well as our most beautiful living possessions. What a magnificent thing it would be if the children of England could equip all our lighthouses with perches and make England a safe place for birds to enter!

E. A. B.

DRIFTING AT SEA FOR CENTURIES

THE STRANGE TALE OF A BOAT

Tree Trunk Dug-Out Comes to
Port After 1000 Years

A PIECE OF HISTORY

Walking on the shores of Africa near Port Elizabeth a man saw something like a large log being tumbled by the waves. He pulled it in, and found that it was a canoe encrusted with seaweed and barnacles. It had been hollowed out of the solid trunk of a tree.

At first he did not think much of his find, but archaeologists heard of it, and after Professor Schwartz, of Rhodes University, had examined the derelict he made an astonishing statement. He declared that the canoe was one of the sea-going dug-outs used for trading between the Malay Archipelago and India a thousand years ago. Mr. F. W. Fitzsimmons, director of the Port Elizabeth Museum, agrees with his verdict. Mr. Fitzsimmons is an old friend of the C.N. and its companion papers, and we greatly value his opinion.

The Ocean Wanderer

What a wonderful voyage that old canoe has made, drifting alone on the high seas for centuries! It has seen the ships of Saracens and Crusaders, and perhaps the dragon-headed ships of the Vikings. It has seen great Spanish galleons; and it may have seen Drake's Golden Hind ploughing her way over uncharted seas. It has seen the frigates of Nelson's day. It has seen sails give way to steam, and mighty warships overthrown by little submarines. Many changes it has seen, many wrecks of tall ships, and the scattering of fleets. The little native canoe has outlived it all and is seaworthy yet.

What a pity it is the canoe cannot speak like Jason's famous Argo! We long to know how she came to roam the seas masterless a thousand years ago. Perhaps her crew were killed in battle; perhaps they came to so fair and prosperous a country that they never put to sea again.

We hope South Africa will send us further tidings of her venerable immigrant.

A GREAT AND GOOD AFRICAN

Kagwa of Buganda

A romantic figure in East African politics disappears with the death of Sir Apolo Kagwa, Uganda's Grand Old Man, who has been laid to rest amid the mourning of the people of his country.

His story was told in the C.N. some time ago. Nobody knows his age, but it is forty years since he became a convert to Christianity, and not long after that he suffered for his faith by having his head wounded with a spear by King Mwanga for opposing the king's orders for the slaughter of Christians.

Mwanga was King of Buganda, which became the central province of our Protectorate of Uganda. His revolting subjects drove him out, and Kagwa set up King Kiwewa in his place. But Kiwewa turned Mohammedan and he, too, was driven out. Finally, under British protection, Mwanga's baby son Daudi Chwa was made king and Kagwa became Prime Minister. Till he retired last year, through failing health, he had been for thirty years the undisputed ruler of Buganda.

In his early days he showed himself an able general, and it is claimed for him that he was Africa's greatest statesman and the first to be made a British knight. He visited England more than once, and wrote entertainingly of what he saw while he was here.

POOR DUMB THINGS

Kindness They Could Not Understand

A PITIFUL CHAPTER OF WILD LIFE

A startling and pitiable tragedy of the wild happened the other day within a few miles of the busy town of Doncaster.

There had roamed for sixty years on the Melton Estate a herd of forty deer as shy and wild as their kindred in full liberty. They trusted only one man, the keeper who fed them, and they would come readily at his whistle, though if a stranger came close they would immediately stampede.

Having bought the Melton Estate, Lord Halifax had the difficult problem of moving the herd, which he wished to settle at Hickleton Hall, a few miles away. As he could get no help from the experts he instructed the keepers to do the best they could.

The Deer Stampede

When the time came the deer answered to their keeper's whistle, and he and his helpers managed to drive them safely into a stockade. But, once inside, the poor creatures realised that they were trapped, and were filled with wild terror. A tragic scene followed, for the whole herd stampeded madly into the palisades.

With an amazing bound one of the deer jumped clear over the fence, sixteen feet high; but the others, not so fortunate, crashed headlong into the stakes. Eleven of them fell dead before anything could be done to save them; the rest, perhaps quietened by the fate of their brothers, were finally persuaded into vans and taken to their new home.

There the beautiful creatures are again roaming freely, but it is sad to think that even kindness could not prevent the tragedy of their lost comrades.

HAPPY END OF A QUARREL

The Indians Satisfied in South Africa

A quarrel which sadly interfered with good relations within the Empire has been happily settled.

The Indians in the South African Union were indignant with a Government Bill which proposed to restrict them to certain localities and to limit their privileges, but, as the result of a conference, a compromise has been arranged which has been welcomed by both sides. Even Mr. Ghandi is pleased.

The South African Government has promised that those Indians who wish to live by the standards of Western civilisation shall be freely given the opportunity to do so, and educational facilities are to be provided. On the other hand, those who prefer the life to which they have been brought up are to be helped to return to India, or other countries where Western standards are not required; and the Indian Government promises to look after them. Our congratulations to all concerned!

THE QUILL IN THE CAP And Why

The girls of the Duke Street Schools in Aldgate, London, attended service in St. Botolph's Church the other day, each wearing a quill feather in her close-fitting cap.

The service was in memory of the school's founder, Sir John Cass, a merchant of London, who died in the act of signing the deed establishing the school over a hundred years ago.

The quill he held as he died became a tragic memento of a good and public-spirited man, and the girls who benefit from his goodness still wear quills in their founder's memory.

THE GLORIOUS DOMINION

A LITTLE IDEA FROM ALBERTA

Shall Canada Go Back to a
Poorer Name?

KANNATHA

It is proposed by a member of the Alberta House of Commons that the title of Canada shall be changed from the Dominion of Canada to the Kingdom of Canada. More than a resolution by the Alberta Assembly, if it were passed, would be necessary to effect such a change, and we do not think it will be accepted. Who would change the strong word Dominion for such a word as Kingdom?

When Canada was constituted a Dominion in 1867 the title by which she should appear as a daughter of the British Empire occasioned considerable difficulty to the statesmen of Canada and the Mother Country.

Lord Derby Intervenes

The provinces to be added to Upper and Lower Canada needed an official name, and there was no hesitation in the minds of those who drew up the Bill. They called it the Kingdom of Canada, as this Alberta M.P. now wishes to do. The Bill passed through many modifications in the course of months of discussion, but the one thing left unchanged to the end was the name. It was to be the Kingdom of Canada.

At the last, however, Lord Derby, Foreign Minister in the British Government, with a touch of that grand old courtesy which we like to consider a quality of our race, remembered Canada's great neighbour, the United States, and decided against the name of Kingdom.

Once the United States was as much British territory as Canada and Australia. Her sons were our own children. We quarrelled, came to blows, parted, and saw a Republic arise in the place of a British Colony.

How Canada Got On the Map

Lord Derby imagined, perhaps rightly, that this great and growing Republic would not like a Kingdom as her neighbour; such a style, he thought, would wound her Republican sentiments, and so Dominion was substituted for Kingdom, and a Dominion Canada has ever since remained.

That is not the only name associated with Canada which conceals interesting history. Canada itself is a piece of history. The name comes, apparently, from the Red Indian word Kannatha, meaning a village or a collection of huts. When the first French discoverers arrived they asked the Red Indians the name of their land. "Kannatha," said the red men, and the white men put Canada on the map.

BROWN MEN AND WHITE MEN

The Heroes of the Storm

From Queensland comes a fine story of the great floods there.

A lugger with a small mixed crew was wrecked. The natives could swim, but the two white men on board could not. They were four miles from the coast, and there was a gale whipping the furious sea. The swimmers might easily have said "Every man for himself!" but the natives risked their own lives and spent their energy in getting the helpless white men ashore. It must have been a tremendous effort, requiring every ounce they possessed of endurance, skill, and pluck, and we rejoice in their splendid success.

Another native swam for miles through the flood waters to get help for a white man and his family who had been cut off and were in danger of being drowned.

Truly, Australia must be proud of her dark-skinned heroes.

TWO FRIENDS

Through Good and Ill Report

HOW JERRY MET HIS MASTER

There is something good in the worst of us.
The Poet

"I love that man," said the tramp's dog. "I like the things he does, and the clothes he wears, and the nice way he smells."

"He thinks a lot of me, too," continued the tramp's dog; "always gives me a bit of what he eats himself. And clever too—why, you wouldn't believe! Always has what he wants and does what he likes!"

Unfortunately, the tramp was a little too clever, and the dog, to its dismay, saw two blue-coated men, who did not smell half as nice, come up to him at Alton in Hampshire and walk off with him. The tramp did not say a great deal, and the blue-coated men said less; but the dog followed the party with short whines of protest till they came to a red-brick house. "So long, old man," said the tramp to his dog, and the door shut behind him.

Waiting at the Door

The tramp did not come out again, though the dog waited ever so long. At last one of the blue-coated men appeared, and then another, and though the dog could not understand them, for they did not either smell or speak like its master, what they said was: "Well I'm blest! if that poor chap's dog isn't here still! I suppose we ought to look after it."

Look after it they did for more than a week, though the bones they gave it and the kind words could not make up to it for the loss of its master. But at last a day came when one of them said, "Come on, Jerry!" and took it out with him for a walk.

Master and Dog Together

He took it to a waiting train. In the excitement Jerry stopped whining, and went obediently with his guard till they came to Winchester and to a great grim building where there were many of the blue-coated men Jerry and his master usually avoided.

It was, in fact, Winchester Gaol, and out of a door in its shadowed walls came a figure that the dog had not seen for many a long day.

"Wow!" yelled Jerry. "Wow!" and was all over him.

And this is a true story (now reported in the newspaper) of the Hampshire tramp and his dog, and we hope that man and dog are the better for being united once again. There must be good in both of them.

THINGS SAID

Society today is in layers of wealth.

Mrs. Will Crooks

Broadcasting in this country is the best in the world.

Sir John Reith

One book is constantly opening another.

Dr. Henry Guppy

We banish God when we turn the country into slums.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome

The greatest task before all of us is to keep in love with life.

Dr. J. A. Hutton

The Englishman is the most incurably sentimental animal in the world.

The Prime Minister

There is in us more mental ability than we know how to utilise.

Sir Arthur Keith

Those who serve on public bodies do not deserve the kicks they often get.

Town Clerk of Mansfield

Advertising, once the business of the clerk, has become the business of the artist.

Mr. Lloyd George

In the true democratic State everyone must be allowed to make the best of himself.

Bishop of Manchester

March 12, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

3

JACK OF LONDON AND ROGER FROM THE GERMAN MEADOW

The Horse that was Left Behind
in a Great Retreat

A PAYING GUEST

Jackie is a real old London character. In his twinkling eye there is a world of horse-sense, even though Jackie is only a donkey.

One day a lady saw a costermonger beating Jackie in a London street. She was so sorry for the poor little beast that she offered to buy him, and his master was strangely willing to sell. Then she found herself with a donkey on her hands and nowhere to put him. Have you ever tried to dispose of a donkey in a London flat?

At last she thought of the Home of Rest for Horses at Cricklewood. When a poor man's horse falls sick or needs rest he can take it to the Home for free treatment, and if need be he can borrow a horse or donkey to replace his own animal till it is fit for work again. The lady gave Jackie to the Home, and he was put on the Loan Club with several other well-conditioned horses and asses.

When Jackie Stopped the Traffic

Now, costermongers know all there is to know about donkeys, but everyone who borrowed Jackie brought him back in a day or two saying that nothing would make him go. It was very strange, for Jackie appeared quite normal in the loose box or paddocks at the Home, but when he was asked to do any work he seemed to be overtaken by some sudden illness. Once he stood stock still in the middle of a crowded London bridge for half an hour. The traffic jam was indescribable. People lost their trains, others lost their tempers, and a police constable very nearly lost his head. At last Jackie had to be carried off the bridge by six strong men.

Jackie no longer belongs to the Loan Club. He does nothing for ever.

How Roger Came to England

With Jackie at the Home is Roger. Roger was born in a German meadow, but the war came, and he began his travels. With other horses he made a long, uncomfortable train journey to France, which seemed to him an endless stretch of mud. The noise of guns and the evil smells of the Somme battlefield terrified him. In a German retreat he was left behind.

An English officer found him galloping about wild with fear. The Englishman caught, soothed, and adopted the half-crazy animal. He says that afterwards Roger's speed saved his life on two occasions. He could no more sell Roger to a French farmer after the war than he could sell a human comrade; so Roger came to England.

London's Love of Animals

He was very happy here for a while, but by and by the officer was called abroad again, and, as he could not bear to think of Roger coming to a miserable end, he took him to the Cricklewood Home, and pays £1 a week for him as a paying guest.

It is good to know that there are hardly any cases of cruelty among the animals brought to the Home. The average poor Londoner loves his beast, and if he sometimes seems to neglect it in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is through ignorance. In the hundredth case the man may be dealing with a Jackie. Cruelty is never forgivable, but we must admit that there is something extremely provoking about a donkey which has to be carried before it will budge.

CHINA'S TROUBLED CITY



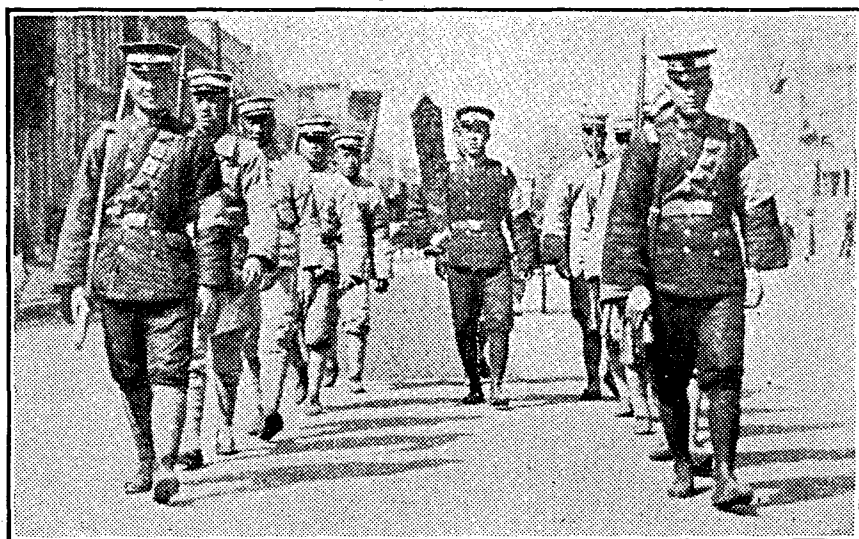
The Bund or waterfront at Shanghai, showing the Allied War Memorial



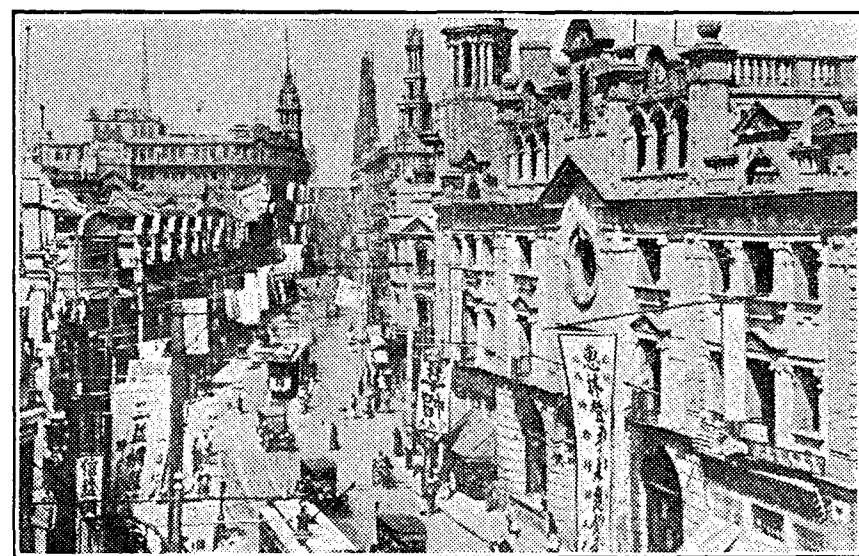
A Shanghai street lined with barbed wire entanglements



Chinese cooks selling food from a barrow in a native street



An executioner patrolling the streets with a party of soldiers



Nanking Road, the principal European street of Shanghai

Shanghai, the great commercial city on the Hwangpu, a tributary of the Yang-tse River, was little more than a village in 1846, but since that time a great commercial city has grown up on the dismal mud flats. Here we see what the European quarter is like today, a complete contrast to the native quarter. See page 7

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING NOBODY

BUTTON GWINNETT AND
HIS NAME

Why His Autograph is the
Dearest in the World

THE QUEER SIDE OF THINGS

Even a diamond button would not be worth £5700, but that sum has just been paid for a sheet of paper just because it is signed Button Gwinnett.

The other writing on the sheet is without any interest, so we can truly say that thousands of pounds have been paid for the autograph of a nobody. Fifteen years ago his signature was sold for £520; in 1915 for £575; and in 1925 for £2800.

Button Gwinnett was an Englishman who was born in a Gloucestershire parsonage 200 years ago. He emigrated to America, which was then a British colony, and became a prosperous shop-keeper in Savannah. In 1767 he was appointed a Justice of the Peace, and in 1776 was elected one of the delegates to the Continental Congress. Fifteen months later he fought a duel over some silly trifle, and died of his wounds.

Martin Luther's Letter

That is all. Button Gwinnett was just a successful tradesman, suspected of being rather dishonest, who drifted into politics. Yet the price paid for his signature is a record, eclipsing by £600 the previous record. The largest sum hitherto paid for an autograph was £5100, the price of a letter written by Martin Luther to the Emperor Charles V in 1521. That was a famous document, a splendid piece of history, for it was written by a dauntless reformer to the tyrant who would have crushed him.

The Emperor had ordered Luther to appear before a tribunal, and the tribunal had ordered Luther to retract his books. In spite of his friends, who feared that he would be sent to die at the stake like other men who claimed liberty of conscience, Luther held to his faith and defied the Pope and the Emperor. A few hours after this great scene he wrote a letter to the Emperor, and it is easy to understand a man being willing to pay a high price to possess that letter. This 400-year-old document is one of the foundation-stones of our religion.

Why Gwinnett's Signature is Prized

Why should Button Gwinnett the Nobody be worth more to collectors of autographs than Martin Luther the Great Reformer? Strange to say, Gwinnett's very obscurity makes his signature extraordinarily valuable.

The most important event in American history was the signing of the Declaration of Independence on August 2, 1776. The document which made the United States a sovereign country instead of a British colony was signed by 54 delegates, and Button Gwinnett was one of the three who signed on behalf of Georgia.

A Chance for Somebody

American autograph-hunters try to collect a set of signatures by all these 54 men. As Button Gwinnett was an insignificant man no one treasured his letters during his lifetime, and therefore his autograph is the most difficult of all to secure.

Before he emigrated Gwinnett lived in Bristol and Wolverhampton. Perhaps there are letters or receipts bearing his name tucked away in a lawyer's office or an old family chest still. If one of our readers should find such a treasure, and communicate with Dr. Rosenbach of the Anderson Galleries in New York, he would certainly, as the lawyers say, hear something to his advantage!

NARROWING THE ATLANTIC

What a Motor-Boat May Do

THE 80-MILE-AN-HOUR EXPRESS

If the hopes and experiments of the Strasbourg designer of motor-cars, M. Bugatti, can be brought to agree the world may yet see a motor-boat dashing from Cherbourg to New York faster than any express train.

An express train can reach 80 miles an hour for short distances. There was one at Zossen in Germany which exceeded 100. A motor-car when driven by Major Segrave has topped the 174-mile-an-hour mark for a mile. But M. Bugatti's boat, which is to have six engines of 500 horse-power apiece against the two engines of the same horse-power employed in Major Segrave's great car, is expected to have a speed of 87 miles an hour.

A Tremendous Task

It is always well to hope for the best and sometimes to expect it, so that no one who is less experienced than M. Bugatti in what 3000 horse-power put into a boat will do ought to say that he is attempting a hopeless task. Yet it does seem a formidable one, for the fastest seagoing craft known, the torpedo destroyers specially built and engined for speed, cannot exceed 44 miles an hour.

Such craft are driven through the waves encountering all the resistance of friction which water can put in their way as well as the disturbance due to the breaking wave. Better results have been reached by the motor-boats, which, keeping their bows high out of the water, skim the surface. Under the best conditions Miss America VI, which won the Harmsworth International Trophy for motor-boats, reached 68 miles an hour. That is not a great deal below M. Bugatti's hopes.

Copying the Shark

What fights against the boat and the inventor are the increasing friction and pressure of the water as the speed increases. As soon as any vessel is released from this toll its speed goes up by leaps and bounds. A motor-car skimming over hard sands encounters little friction. The friction of the air when an aeroplane is pushed through it becomes very slight even if it cannot be ignored. But no make of boat can escape it.

M. Bugatti proposes to make his boat partly submersible, like a submarine when its upper surface is nearly awash and only the periscopes stand up plainly above the water. It is his belief that a boat so submerged, if properly designed, perhaps in the shape of a shark, which swims very fast through the water, would suffer less from water friction than when floating on the surface.

Time will show. If everything happens as the inventor promises we may be able to cross the Atlantic in 39 hours, or about the time that it now takes to travel from London to Rome.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

1st edition of Shelley's Adonais .	£1720
1st edition of Gray's Elegy .	£950
1st ed. of Spenser's Faerie Queene .	£680
1st ed. of FitzGerald's Rubaiyat .	£610
1st edition of Keats's Endymion .	£390
Manuscript of George Gissing .	£260
An autograph letter of Shelley .	£240
Panel of Brussels tapestry .	£220
1900 Argentina one-peso stamp .	£175
William and Mary wall-hanging .	£105
Panel of old Portuguese velvet .	£73

Warburton's own copy of his edition of Shakespeare's works in eight volumes, 1747, sold for £600.

A TOUCH OF THE MIGHTY DEAD

Robert Bruce and Napoleon

ON A LECTURER'S TABLE

A great surgeon stood lecturing the other day in London with fragments of history on the table in front of him.

The surgeon was Sir Berkeley Moynihan, who was delivering the yearly address in honour of John Hunter; and the fragments of history came from the museum at the College of Surgeons, which John Hunter founded.

There was a bit of the history of Scotland, a rib of Robert Bruce. There was a bit of the history of Europe, some of the remains of Napoleon. The third strange footnote to history was the skull of O'Brien, the Irish giant.

What the Bones Show

These grim relics are not mere curiosities. From the bones of Robert Bruce some idea of his frame and physique and one of his illnesses have been found by Sir Arthur Keith. The remains of Napoleon show that he did not die of the disease suspected. The skull of O'Brien suggests a reason for his giant limbs.

While Sir Berkeley Moynihan spoke he wondered if the spirit of John Hunter ever frequented the museum. The idea conjures up a queer picture of the great old surgeon hovering over the bottles and glass cases, peering into them to discover their secrets and read their medical history. There was nothing about which his curiosity could rest satisfied.

If ever his spirit does come back it must be when one of his great successors recalls him and his work. As the old people told the young ones in Maeterlinck's Blue Bird, the dead live again when they are remembered.

A KING'S FIRST TRAIN

On His State's First Railway

The King of Nepal (his fine-sounding native title is Maharajadhiraja) has just taken his first railway journey, and his kingdom has seen its first railway train.

The king, who is 21 this year, does not seem to have feared the novel adventure, for he started the engine himself from the footplate. C.N. readers will remember that it was in Nepal that the Prime Minister, Sir Chandra Jung, its real hereditary ruler, lately secured the freeing of the slaves.

The new railway is a narrow-gauge line 24 miles long, connecting with the Indian railway system and running north toward the capital, Katmandu. From its northern terminus the journey is continued by a broad roadway till a range of the Himalayas bars the way. Then the way to Katmandu is by an aerial ropeway, for Katmandu is one of the world's most exalted capitals. Perhaps it was his experience of ropeway travel that made the king so unafraid of railways.

A LION MAKES A CALL

A tradesman of Bourges was heavily punished for lying in bed the other day.

He was drowsing while his assistant was opening the shop below when a great weight suddenly landed on the bed. M. Cotineau opened his eyes and came face to face with a lion.

Such an unusual sight was enough to upset any peaceable grocer, and we can forgive M. Cotineau for darting under the bedclothes. Strange to say, the suddenness of his movement seemed to frighten the lion, which leaped off the bed and ran into another room.

We may be sure M. Cotineau lost no time in barricading his door. Meanwhile the assistant, who had seen the lion enter the shop, ran to the local menagerie, and keepers soon arrived to remove the King of Beasts.

BOTTOM OF THE SEA

Better Lit Than Piccadilly

FILMING DOWN BELOW

The bottom of the sea is more brilliantly lighted than Piccadilly at night.

So said Professor Toubin the other day in a lecture before the Oceanographic Institute in Paris. Myriads of scintillating fishes, he reminded us, phosphorescent sea animals, glowing deep-sea vegetation, and opalescent garlands, are to be found near the floor of the deeper parts of the ocean, a galaxy of lights of many colours, more brilliant than the brightest streets of our cities.

It is interesting to find in connection with the sea lights that a new motion-picture camera, which can be set on the floor of the sea, has been constructed, and is to be tried at the Marine Biological Station of the Carnegie Institution. It can be set up on a tripod and directed on to the bottom of the sea, and can be focussed under water with as much ease as an ordinary camera. Dr. Bartsch, who is to take the pictures under water, wears a diver's helmet, but is otherwise dressed in ordinary clothes, thus having much greater freedom of movement.

LIFE ON A MOUNTAIN'S EDGE

62 Miles from a Town

There is more news of Mr. Hoover and his wife and little daughter in their home at the new Sun Observatory on a mountain of South-West Africa.

Mount Brukkaros is a cup-shaped mountain, and their house has been made out of a cave on the rim. On the inner side of the rim the cliffs drop a thousand feet to a lake which is their only water supply till their new reservoirs fill up, and the road down to it is two miles long. On the outer side the drop is 2000 feet to the great desert plateau, where the nearest neighbours, a German missionary, a Jewish storekeeper, and 300 Hottentots, are seven miles away. Supplies have to come from the nearest town, Keetmanshoop, 62 miles away.

Home amusements for leisure hours are books and a gramophone; and a cow, a cat, and a dog have taken up their residence. When hunting is desired there are deer in abundance, with tigers and leopards!

AN ANGRY MAN IN THE MUD

There are times when, in the heat of the moment, the law of the land does not seem adequate and man prefers to settle his scores with his own hand. An amusing example of this was seen not long ago in the Latin Quarter of Paris.

A law has lately been passed making it a punishable offence for vehicles to splash passers-by with mud from their wheels, but a well-dressed man was carefully picking his way across a muddy street when a heavy lorry passed him without any warning and soaked his legs with mud. Filled with indignation he called to the driver to stop, but the driver laughed and drove on.

But he who had been splashed was not deterred. He raced after the lorry and clung to the back of it until it had to stop. Argument with the driver seemed of no avail, and as he contemplated his ruined trousers the injured pedestrian wondered what he should do. Behind him was a stall of new-laid eggs. He decided to make the punishment fit the crime, and as fast as he could take the eggs he pelted the lorry with them!

Eventually the law of the land asserted itself; a policeman intervened but we do not know what happened in the end, and cannot say whether he who laughed last laughed longest.

A WOMAN'S FACE IN TURKEY

Kemal Pasha and the Veil
WOMEN TO DIE IF THEY WEAR IT

Kemal Pasha, Turkey's great reformer, moves from victory to victory, but he has a hard fight before him now.

When he ordered men to wear a hat instead of a fez some people dared to disobey, but when five of them were hanged the rest quickly submitted! Now he requires the women of the Republic to give up the veil with which all but the most advanced among them have hidden their faces.

The women are proving rebellious. They have been taught to think it immodest to show their faces in public, and they have the support of their husbands and brothers in their resistance. But President Kemal is determined. "Our women must recognise that we have definitely broken with the past," he says.

Women will be prosecuted for wearing the veil, and on a third conviction they will be held guilty of high treason and the punishment will be death!

It remains to be seen whether the women will prove as submissive as the men, or whether they will stand up against the new demand of "Your veil or your life."

THE RAT AND APPLE TRICK

A Remarkable Story

Here is another story of a rat and its apples, sent to us by a Glasgow correspondent.

A basket of apples was left on the hall table at night, and in the night the master of the house heard bumps on the hall floor. He put on his dressing-gown and ran downstairs, to find that eight of the apples were gone. Next day his wife found them neatly arranged in two rows in a small cupboard under the kitchen sink.

A rat (which they afterwards saw and chased) had lifted the apples out of the basket one by one, rolled them off the table to the floor, and then, in the time the master was putting on his dressing-gown and coming downstairs, had pushed or carried them all across the hall, over two mats, through two doors, into the kitchen, and out of sight.

Then, when all was quiet again, it had lifted each apple over a box six inches high which blocked the entrance to the cupboard, and had laid them in a row. But the poor rat never enjoyed the fruits of its great exploit, for life in that house was made too warm for it, and after escaping death by inches it fled to a safer place.

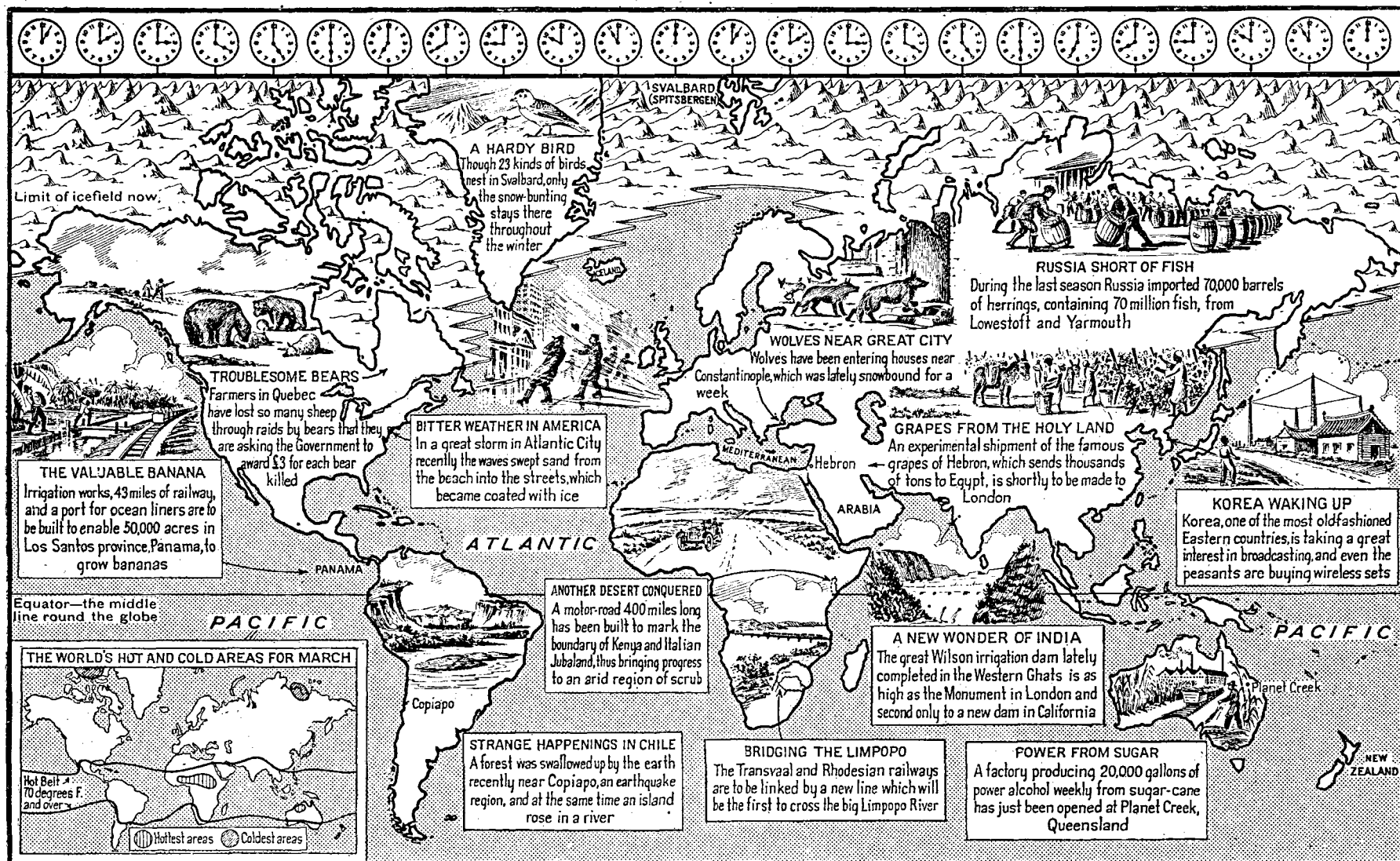
A HISTORIC THING BUILT INTO A WALL

It is difficult to think of a man mislaying a telescope reflector weighing half a ton, yet one has just been found after being missing for fifty years.

It was made by the great Sir William Herschel at his observatory near Slough, 150 years ago. Later a heavier one was substituted and the old one was put away, but where it went nobody knew. Sir William's son died in 1871, and the secret died with him. The reflector was supposed to have been put in a cottage close by, but there was no trace of it.

Now the cottage has been in the hands of the builders, and there, built into the wall behind the stairs, the reflector has been found in its iron case. With a series of mirrors a ray of sunlight was cast on its beautifully-polished surface, leaving no doubt as to its identity, and by this time, no doubt, the historic reflector has been removed from its strange hiding-place.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



EIGHT DAYS BEFORE BEETHOVEN DIED A Kindness that Touched His Inmost Soul

PROUD MEMORY OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

We found him living in appalling disorder, music, money, clothing, on the floor, the bed unmade, broken coffee cups on the table, the open piano with scarcely any strings left and thickly covered with dust; while he himself was wrapped in a shabby old dressing-gown.

That is a truly pitiful picture of the closing years of Beethoven, now gone from the world a hundred years, but still, in the deliberate judgment of our time, the supreme master in music.

The Philharmonic Society of London is celebrating his centenary with a concert and by the publication of a booklet in which it recalls with pride the story of its own relations with him. It gave him its steady support when he most needed it.

Paris liked his First Symphony, sharply criticised the second, and ignored the rest; in London each symphony was made known in the order of its appearance, and had an enthusiastic reception, and his name was rarely absent from the Philharmonic Society's programmes. The Society bought the first rights in three of his overtures, and the Ninth Symphony, considered by many the greatest musical work of all time, was written at its request.

In the year of the master's death, hearing that he was ill and in trouble, the Society sent him £100, and in his reply, only eight days before he passed away, he said the Society's noble liberality had touched him to his inmost soul. At the centenary of his birth in 1870 a bust of the master was presented to the Society in recognition of its generosity to him, and the bust has occupied a place of honour at every concert since.

It is a noble possession, and we all share in the pride of the Philharmonic Society at this time.

SELLING THE TREASURER John Thornton for Auction

John Thornton is for sale. Who will save him for England? He is too English to be happy in exile.

John Thornton, painted by Gainsborough, has hung in the offices of the Marine Society for 145 years. He was a rich man who befriended John Newton and Cowper, and for many years he was treasurer of the charitable organisation known as the Marine Society. The society supports the training-ship *War-spire*, and as it is in need of funds the Gainsborough portrait must be sold.

The picture shows a stout old gentleman with powdered hair, knee breeches, silk stockings, and fine ruffles. He sits in a chair holding a cocked hat, and looks quite fit to be father-in-law to an earl. You might not guess from his stolid expression that he had the kindest of hearts and gave away £2000 a year.

If the sale of his portrait helps to give poor boys a start in life we do not think that John Thornton will mind it going to auction.

CANADA A NATION America's First Minister to Ottawa

Under the new Empire agreement the great Dominions are now entitled to have their own Ministers in the capitals of foreign countries, like any sovereign State, and to receive Ministers of those States in their own capitals.

It is appropriate that the United States should be the first country to act under this arrangement. Some time ago Mr. Vincent Massey, a prominent man of business widely respected, was appointed first Canadian Minister in Washington, and now the American Government has appointed Mr. William Phillips as American Minister at Ottawa.

A similar exchange of Ministers is being made between America and the Irish Free State.

1916—1926

Enemies Meet Again

This tale begins in 1916 and continues in 1926. The end is that they both live happily.

During the war Captain Oliver of the SS. *Clan MacTavish* was on his way between Madeira and the Canaries when he was overhauled by the German cruiser *Moewe*. The German warship ordered the merchantman to surrender, but the Scotsman refused, and the battle opened. Captain Oliver had only one small gun, and the cruiser had a whole battery of 6-inch guns, yet the little boat managed to do the big one considerable damage before she began to sink.

As the *Clan MacTavish* was going down a German lieutenant and some sailors came aboard and took the crew prisoners. Captain Oliver was led before the captain of the *Moewe*, who scolded him for having defied the order to surrender, and then shook hands with him for it.

The war ended, Captain Oliver was released, and his old employers gave him a new ship to command, but in memory of his gallantry they called it the *Clan MacTavish*. Last year the steamer was at Durban when there was a knock at the door of Captain Oliver's cabin, and in walked the lieutenant of the *Moewe*!

The two men had met as enemies on a sinking ship. Now they grasped each other's hands, and, in Captain Oliver's words, they talked half the day and then they went to a cinema.

Sometimes it seems that most of the hatred and bitterness in the world war came, not from soldiers or sailors who risked their lives daily through four years of war, but from the people in all countries who stayed safely at home.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Denebola . . . De-neb-o-lah
Hussein . . . Hoo-syn
Eatmandu . . . Kaht-mahn-doo

THE PRINCE AND THE TIN OF PAINT Why We Lost the Order AND HOW WE MIGHT HAVE GOT IT

The Prince of Wales told an illuminating story at the British Fair the other day showing how British trade is sometimes lost to Germany.

The tale was told him by a man he met in Argentina during his tour there. The man went into an up-country store and heard a customer ask for a tin of paint. He was shown an English make, but the directions on the wrapper were only in English, which neither the storeman nor the buyer understood. So he bought a German tin, which had directions in Spanish as well as in German. That, as the Prince said, shows how easily trade can be lost when things are not made as easy as possible for the buyer.

No doubt many makers let their labels and wrappers go out in English only simply because they do not know where to get a translation they can rely upon as correct. Why should not the Associated Chambers of Commerce, or the Federation of British Industries, or some similar body, set up a department which would send a translation of any descriptive matter to anyone who wrote for it? It would be a simple, useful, and obvious way of helping British trade if any exporter could have his labels made up for him in any language under the Sun, and it would be a cheap and easy matter to arrange.

OSTRICH SKINS FOR SHOES

Owing to the lack of demand for ostrich feathers ostriches in South Africa are now being killed for their skins, which are used in the making of fancy shoes.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 12 1927

Thinking Rightly

THE boy who first mounted a bicycle saw something in his path and was very anxious not to run into it. So he looked at it with fixed and glaring eyes, and ran into it. After a bump or two he learned the rule that if you would avoid running into a thing you must not look at it.

Whenever we say "I must not hit that stone, at all costs. I must not hit it," we are sure to do the thing we are trying not to do.

It is exactly like that with our thoughts. If we say to ourselves "At all costs I must not think of this bad thing or that bad story" we bring up before ourselves the very thing we want to avoid. There is no safety in *Nots*.

And there is no safety in refusing to think at all. What we have to do is to think about the good, true, lovely things and to keep our minds occupied; then there is no room for the horrid things. This was the advice which Paul long ago passed on to his friends in Philippi when he wrote from prison to thank them for a parcel. Whatsoever things are true, worthy, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, think of these things, was his counsel. Now, all these things are positive; he does not say "Beware of thinking untrue, unworthy, unjust things"; he says, rather, "Keep your minds fixed on the right things, and this will become a habit, and your thoughts will naturally dwell among noble things."

There was once a house in which an evil spirit lived, but the spirit was driven out and the house was left beautifully clean and in good repair; only there was no tenant. It was clean and empty; and what happened? The evil spirit came back with seven others worse than itself, and the house became worse than ever. It is not enough that the house of our mind should be kept clean and without tenants. What must be done is to keep the house full of the right tenants.

It often troubles us that wrong thoughts keep surprising us, and we forget that so long as we do not welcome the thoughts, but turn from them to others, we are not doing wrong. We cannot help them coming, but we can refuse to welcome them. The mischief begins when we take these thoughts into the house as our guests. If a house is fully occupied there is no room for other things. If we love good books and have plenty of them to read we shall not turn to bad books. If we are always looking away from evil things to others we shall not be drawn into them. Whatsoever things are good and true and just and pure—these are our guests. Let us keep open house for them.



Mr. Baldwin Thinks of Home

We were talking the other day of the Prime Minister's "Tied House" in London. Mr. Baldwin has now been talking of it to his Worcestershire friends.

IN London (says the Prime Minister)

I am but a bird of passage. I own no house; I am not a tenant. I live in a house from which I can be ejected any day, without notice and without compensation. When I look out of my window I see nothing but the Horse Guards Parade, which reminds me of the General Strike; I see the Foreign Office, which reminds me of Mr. Chen; I see the India Office, which reminds me of Lord Birkenhead and the Swarajists; I see the War Office and the Admiralty, which remind me of the Estimates. And then I think of what I can see from my own garden—the most beautiful view in all England.

The Poulterer and the Peacock

WHAT is a peacock? A feast of glory, says the Poet. A mass of jewelled colour, says the Artist. Something to eat, says the Poulterer of Didsbury.

We are sorry for the Poulterer of Didsbury, and for the glutton of Didsbury who bought the peacock in his shop. Or perhaps there was no glutton passing by?

In any case, we are sorry that a peacock should be hanging in a poulterer's shop in the Twentieth Century in a humane land. It is hard to believe it, but it is true, for a C.N. reader passing through Didsbury saw it with eyes that could hardly believe what they were looking at.

The Men Who Lived on Wondrous Heights

A YOUNG novelist has been making up his mind about the Puritans. Mr. Gilbert Frankau thinks they were no better than they should be—perhaps worse. We like Macaulay's opinion better than Mr. Frankau's:

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests.

Not content with acknowledging in general terms an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know Him, to serve Him, to enjoy Him, was with them the great end of existence. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge of them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away.

If any of our readers should read Mr. Frankau for his fiction on the Puritans we hope they will turn to Macaulay for the truth. They will find that the Puritans sowed the seeds of the liberty in which Mr. Frankau can think and write what he likes.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Old Lady of Worcestershire

MAY God, goodwill, and good neighbourhood be your company, said an old woman to the Prime Minister in the Worcestershire countryside.

"Think what education can do to that," said Mr. Baldwin, in talking of it the other day. "You send your son to Eton, and will he say that to you? No; he will say *Pip-pip, Toodle-oo*. For literature I take my stand with the illiterates."

And so do we; we are with the old lady, Mr. Baldwin, and Shakespeare.

Tip-Cat

EMIGRATION is recommended as the one hope of this country. The one hope of making it a going concern.

BACON is said to be the most dangerous of all meats. And yet many people want to save their bacon.

It is complained that the younger generation is not thorough. It is not even thoroughly bad.

A LONDON golf club has an entrance fee of five hundred pounds. C.N.

readers are advised to golf early to avoid the rush.

THE Dentist's slogan: Be true to your teeth or your teeth will be false to you.

A VISITOR to America has discovered that the Statue of Liberty turns her back on U.S.A.

COLLEGES in America have millionaires ready to back them. In England by their own efforts they have come to the front.

SAILORS are ever ready to do good turns. They are unhappy when they have no skippers.

THERE are 60 sorts of bamboo in China. But there are about 60,000 sorts of bamboozle outside.

MODERN authors are expected to give themselves away in their books. But they expect their books to be paid for.

Peter Puck Advertises England

Write at once for rooms in Durham; Early birds will get the wurrum. Babies who are born in Yorks Never, never blame the storks. Only death or legal pressure Makes a man leave charming Cheshire. Hitch your wagon to a star! be Worthy of a home in Derby. Have you climbed the hills of Worcester?

Shakespeare and Piers Plowman user.

After the last rhyme Peter Puck is suspended.

To a Brave Heart

Bear up, my heart, thou hast suffered worse than this. Odysseus

The Heart That Will Not Grow Old

A poet who has written much for the C.N. has been sending his greeting to another C.N. poet, and, catching a fugitive glimpse of the lines, we take the liberty of passing them on to the public who has enjoyed the writings of both.

HERE, in a world where hearts grow old, You still retain your heart of a boy; For still you follow and uphold A creed of charity and joy.

HERE, in a world where hearts grow cold, Life still runs warmly in your blood; For still your April dreams unfold Blossom on blossom, bud on bud.

HERE, in a world where hearts grow old, Your heart is still with youth aglow; For beauty still you make and mould And beauty still you reap and sow.

HERE, in a world where hearts grow cold, Warm to your heart returns the love That you to all the world have doled As to its nest a homing dove.

HERE, in a world where hearts grow old, Still young and full of hope you live; For, like a star by stars controlled, New light you gain from light you give. Ronald Campbell Macfie to Arthur St. John Adcock

Old Friends Caught Napping

THE best of us is caught napping in a world like this. This time it is two old friends, Mr. Lloyd George and his friend the Rev. J. D. Jones.

Mr. Jones, back from a tour round the Empire, has been telling us that he travelled by the All-Red Route, and the only place he touched which did not fly the Union Jack was Honolulu. *But Honolulu does fly the Union Jack.*

The Union Jack is on the Hawaii flag, a memory of the days when the British flag was the ensign of the American Navy. We present Mr. Jones with this interesting fact for his next lecture.

Mr. Lloyd George was caught napping on the Transatlantic Telephone in talking with a friend at St. Louis. "What a wonderful help the Transatlantic Telephone would have been to us in the war!" he said.

But we had an Atlantic telephone in the war and did not use it.

It was one of the dramatic things of that time that the Eiffel Tower was set free from war one day for a human voice to speak to it from New York, but we were far too busy killing men to develop this miracle of peace. We present this fact to Mr. Lloyd George to remember whenever he has a chance of using it.

To teach us our duty is nothing unless we are taught to love it. Vinet

ONE MORE BIRD FINDS LIBERTY

AN ESCAPE TO THE SKY

Quite Safe to Let Our Little
Friends Go Free

WHAT WE OWE TO THEM

We were not sorry to see a week or two ago that at a great exhibition of birds a bird escaped from its cage and flew away to the freedom for which God made it. As William Blake said, a bird in a cage puts all Heaven in a rage.

There is nothing more astonishing than the ignorance of people who say they are fond of birds and yet keep birds prisoners, for flight is life itself to a bird and imprisonment is living death. A man was fined not long ago for keeping a linnet in a tiny cage not four inches wide; he did not know, he said, that he was doing anything wrong! Yet its confinement had worn away all its tail feathers and broken the wing feathers.

Farmers Shoot Their Friends

People are under many false impressions about birds. Farmers shoot their best friends and then complain of the insect pests which the birds would have stopped. Cormorants are killed by salmon fishers, though they do not eat salmon and chiefly live on slow-moving, bottom-haunting fish, which are unfit for human consumption. Another of these mistaken ideas is that one must not release a caged bird because the wild birds will attack and kill it.

Our most famous writer on birds, Mr. W. H. Hudson, proved again and again that if you let a caged bird go free no other bird pays any attention to it. Once he lodged with a working-man whose wife kept a bullfinch in a cage on the kitchen wall. It was very hot, and the little cage was very dirty. The bird was always huddled silently on its perch.

A Captive Set Free

For some time Mr. Hudson bore the sight of its misery, but at last he could do so no more, and when the woman refused to sell the bird he put half-a-crown on the table and took the bird willy-nilly.

Soon afterwards he was seen leaving a train with a perforated cardboard box in his hand. He had taken a railway journey simply for the sake of letting the bird go in the country. As soon as the box-lid was open the bird fluttered out on the grass. "It appeared wild with astonishment, craning its neck and looking all round, then fluttering a yard or two farther away, but unable to fly." After a while it began to pipe, and then made several blundering attempts at flight, but the poor thing had been a captive so long that it had forgotten how to use its wings.

Our Debt to the Birds

In the end, however, the bird soared to the top of a tree, and sat there, swayed by the wind, piping its note joyously. It was a birdy place; sparrows, tits, warblers, finches, thrushes, and starlings were flying about in all directions while the bullfinch was making trial flights, but none of them noticed it.

It is natural and beautiful (and it is English) to delight in the freedom of the birds, and we beg our C.N. readers to set them free wherever they are caged. We owe the birds a debt of gratitude for many lovely things—their songs, their plumage, the freedom of thousands of orchards and gardens from pests; and do we not owe to them many of the finest poems in the English language?

THE RIGHTS OF THOSE WHO DO WRONG

GOVERNMENTS are usually very clear about their rights against people charged with breaking the law, but they are less clear about the lawbreaker's rights against Governments. The Howard League, with the help of the Society of Friends, has been drawing up a charter of these rights which they hope will be adopted by the League of Nations.

The charter seeks to put into a kind of code the minimum rights granted by most Governments to their prisoners, in the hope that this will lead to their universal adoption.

It is suggested that prisoners should have the right to be tried within six

months of their arrest and to be represented by lawyers in all serious charges, that their prisons should be well ventilated, and their food good. Children and young people, it is urged, should be kept separate from older prisoners, and women should be attended by women warders. Torture should be forbidden, and corporal punishment should only be applied by sentence after conviction.

Clearly these are not very revolutionary proposals. As there are countries apparently where such simple rules as these are not observed it is right that they should be recommended with all the authority of the League.

THE FISHERMAN OF FLORENCE



Vincenzo Gemito, the old artist who fashioned this famous figure of a fisherman, placed in one of the proudest positions in Florence, has returned to his work after a breakdown lasting many years, and all Italy is rejoicing in his return to health and work. See page one

THE BABY OF TRISTAN DA CUNHA

ONCE a year the island of Tristan da Cunha, which looks so remote, unfriended, solitary, a speck in the South Atlantic Ocean, is waked by Santa Claus, who comes in a ship. The commander of the Asturias has just reported a call.

His was the first ship that had called for twelve months, and it was the finest car that Santa Claus had ever called in, for the Asturias is 22,000 tons. No wonder more than a fifth of the population came out in boats to see it. They numbered 30. Up to the date of the arrival of the Asturias the island had a population of 149, excluding sheep.

They found that Santa Claus had brought them gifts worthy of the car and the occasion. There was a crate of groceries, blankets, paints, and confectionery; and when the Tristan da

Cunha men and women went aboard the passengers showered on them gramophones, clothing, and everything they could think of, even toys, to make it a happy day for the islanders.

And that reminds us that we said the population of men, women, and children when the Asturias came in sight was 149. When the Asturias left it was 150. For the last gift which Santa Claus brought to Tristan da Cunha was a baby, born on the island the same day the ship arrived.

The Tristan da Cunha baby is now a few weeks old. It will grow up, and will live there perhaps all its life, without a thought for the troubled world outside, of which, like the rest of the islanders, it will hear only a vague murmur once a year.

THE CITY OF TERROR

WAITING FOR THE CHINESE CLASH

The Long Suspense of the
People of Shanghai

A GREAT PRIZE FOR WAR LORDS

No one who was in Shanghai during the momentous weeks while the armies of the Southern revolutionaries were advancing is likely to forget those days.

For a time there was hope that the civil war would pass the great port by. When first the Southern forces marched north from Canton the city of Shanghai and the provinces round it seemed likely to remain a neutral zone. The war lords of the North were without authority there, and the redoubtable Sun Chuanfang had established himself as an independent Governor, with Shanghai as his capital, yielding obedience to neither North nor South.

Traitor Generals

But apparently he grew tired of sitting on the fence, for he decided to ally himself with the North. Many people thought the alliance would prove fatal to the revolutionaries from the South, but their cause seemed to gain from that hour. The Northern war lords began to quarrel, and their generals began to transfer themselves and their troops to the other side, and when the revolutionaries, accepting Sun's gauge of battle, began their march on Shanghai the same thing happened in his own army. It is clear that they had come to the conclusion that the South was the winning side.

An even more powerful ally than these traitor generals was the people's weariness of the unending disorder and the growing belief that the only chance of good government came from the South.

A Great Strike

So when Sun lost his great battle south-west of Shanghai, trouble arose behind him in Shanghai itself. A great strike was proclaimed in support of the revolutionaries. No doubt it was his realisation of this that led Sun to stain his cause with what will seem to us savage acts of repression.

Anyone even suspected of fomenting the strike, or found in possession of revolutionary manifestoes, was seized in the streets and beheaded on the spot. The bodies were left lying in the road, and the heads were stuck on poles with a printed warning for all to see. It is said that these barbarities exceed anything known recently in China; but we may remind ourselves that in our own rough island story London Bridge was often decorated in the same way, and that it is less than three centuries since the head of Oliver Cromwell, dug out of his grave, was placed on a pole near where the Marble Arch now stands.

Shanghai's Wealth

These things happened in the Chinese city. Close to it are the International Settlement and the French Concession, where the foreign colonies live and do business under their own municipal government. Curiously enough, the strike here was much less severe than in the native city; but the anxiety amid all these happenings must have been terrible. Among a Chinese population of a million and a half the foreigners in the International Settlement number about twenty thousand, a quarter of them British, men, women, and children; and they are the guardians of an immensely valuable property, acquired while building up the prosperity of China.

The trade of Shanghai is not far short of half that of all China, and has exceeded 200 million pounds a year. In the International Settlement alone the municipal rates paid exceed a million pounds. There are great factories and workshops of all kinds, and the commercial and civic buildings rival those of a prosperous European capital. It is a rich prize that North and South have been contending for. Pictures on page 3

A MAN'S RISE AND FALL

ROMANTIC CAREER OF AN ARAB

Tragic Fate of the First King of the Hejaz

DYING IN EXILE

A romantic old man is dying in Cyprus. His name is Hussein, and he was the first King of the Hejaz.

This handsome, brown-skinned, white-bearded old man was descended from Caliph Ali, who married the daughter of Mohammed. Before the war Hussein was only Sherif of Mecca, the sacred city of the Moslem world to which millions of people make pilgrimages.

During the war the Arabs rebelled against the Turks, and with Hussein at their head they founded a new Arabian kingdom. It was then that Hussein became King of the Hejaz.

Telephone in Mecca

The capital of the Hejaz was Mecca, which soon became a strange mixture of new and old. Hussein had a telephone installed in the palace, and the king could be rung up by asking for Number One, Mecca. He used to drive about in a huge car given him by Mussolini, but he still wore the turban and flowing robes of an Arab.

Unluckily for Hussein he quarrelled with a religious sect called the Puritans, or Wahabis, and was defeated by them in civil war. Then Ibn Saud was chosen king in his place, and Hussein was sent into banishment.

It must be a bitter thing for this ambitious old man to die in exile far from Mecca. In his 71 years he has known much of victory and power, and he will always be remembered by the Arabs as the founder of a new kingdom. Moreover, even if he has lost a crown, his son Feisal has gained another, for he is King of Irak.

THE MAN AND THE FLUTE

Or the Thief Nicely Sooted

The Paris police have been busy photographing and studying a dinner napkin which came into their hands in a curious way.

One night, or early one morning, so early or late that it seemed as if even Paris was asleep, some thieves broke into a restaurant, hoping that if the worst came to the worst, and there was no money to be had, they would at any rate get a meal. But it appears that one would have to be up very early indeed to get the better of the restaurant-keeper. Not a farthing was left in the till, scarcely a crumb on the ground, and the shelves were as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

The men poked and pried about with their carefully-handled torches, and were just about to go, feeling that life was very hard, when one of them spied a flute on the sideboard. At any rate, he would have a few notes of music if he could have nothing else.

He seized the flute and blew it hard, but no music came. Instead there came out a cloud of black dust, covering the player. What the thief said when he found the flute was a trick to trap people who take liberties we do not know, but we know what he did. He took up a dinner napkin and wiped his face and hands with it. Then he flung the napkin down, and it is this napkin the police have been studying for fingerprints, by which they hope to find the musical burglar.

TWO ALLIGATORS TURN UP

A Surprise for Naturalists

Two alligators have lately been surprising our American naturalists.

One has been bathing as far north as the Potomac River, another has been seen in the still waters of a creek near the bustling town of Philadelphia. How was this? Everybody knows that the alligator lives in the swampy, hidden bays of the south.

The problem was simple enough when it was solved. No alligators had emigrated; fashionable though emigration is in these days. Those seen near Philadelphia and in the cold Potomac had been carried north by eager tourist collectors, dumped into lakes on private estates, and had somehow made their way through narrow tributaries to the open river. They were little fellows, and not of the fierce type which in the early days of the Florida settlements travelled inland and captured helpless pigs and lambs for breakfast!

A 12,000-MILE RIDE

The New Way of Finding Out

Ten years ago no one would have dreamed of suggesting that a Minister who wanted to study affairs on the other side of the world should go and find out for himself.

Sir Samuel Hoare, our enterprising Air Minister, however, is back again in London after a trip to India in which he covered 12,000 miles by aeroplane in a crowded seven weeks. Using aeroplanes very much in the same way as taxicabs, he visited every Air Force unit on the Indian North-West Frontier. He says that during the journey he sat comfortably in the machine making notes of the interesting places over which he passed in his long flight.

A new record, too, has been established by Lady Maude Hoare, who travelled with her husband. She flew about 10,000 miles, the longest flight ever undertaken by a woman. Not one repair was needed all the way.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

It is hoped to set aside a corner of Coventry Cathedral to be dedicated as a Children's Chapel.

A wealthy American has given twenty thousand pounds to equip two universities with radio broadcasting apparatus.

Cardinal Wolsey's Home for Sale

Among the houses advertised for sale is a fine old Tudor building on the Thames which was the home of Cardinal Wolsey.

Warmer Trams

The London County Council has fitted eight trams with electrical heating apparatus as an experiment.

Friends

A duck and a collie sleep together in the collie's kennel at a smithy near Milton's cottage at Chalfont St. Giles.

£50,000 for His Town

Totnes is to have a legacy of £50,000, which was given by one of its sons for the improvement of the town or the reduction of rates.

Volta on a Stamp

The Italian Post Office has issued a stamp to commemorate the centenary of the death of Volta, who gave his name to the volt, the measure of electric force.

Where Men Predominate

A census has just been taken in South Georgia, in the far South Atlantic, showing a population of 1337, three women and 1334 men.

A Botanist's Discovery

A Swedish botanist studying the flowers of New Zealand says some of the lichens found there were previously only known in the Arctic.

Sales Limited

The bachelor Chief of Police at Cologne has ordered that no shop there shall have more than two special sales in a year, a stocktaking sale in January and a season sale in July.

THE PRODIGAL SOVEREIGN

Coming Home Poorer from its Travels

GOLD WEARING AWAY

Sovereigns are great travellers, not the sovereigns who sat on the thrones of Europe and now are scattered far and wide, but the sovereigns the Mint makes. Their travels cost the Mint £8000 a year.

They still cost the Mint as much as that though they are hoarded by the million in the cellars of the Bank, whose chief duty is to see that they do not wander. A few are kept for old sake's sake by private owners, who have put away their old friend in a drawer till the glad time arrives when it may be again a public character. We should guess that there are more than a few households in England which keep just one bright sovereign somewhere as a memory of the past.

These sovereigns do not wander. They never burn a hole in any pocket. They buy nothing and cost nothing; they are not even brought out at Christmas-time; and we suspect that some of their owners, if asked suddenly, would have forgotten where they put them.

What the Mint Loses Every Year

But there are other sovereigns which, once having set about their travels, are shy of coming back home. All the world loves a sailor, but it loves a British sovereign better. The Javanese deck steward who got one as a tip before the war wears it in his turban; the Bechuanaland brave who acquired it in ways into which we need not inquire makes it into an amulet; the Afghan brigand jingles it in his waistband.

These are the rolling sovereigns which gather no moss. Worse than that, as they rub shoulders with the great world they lose part of their gold. They return to the Mint after long years of wandering as prodigal sovereigns with some of the gilt rubbed off. Taking one year with another the old Mother Mint on Tower Hill, which brings all our sovereigns into the world, loses £8000 a year over her adventurous offspring.

SAIREY GAMP

The Lady Who Is No More

This generation has many failures to record, but it has mighty victories too. One success which stands lastingly to its credit is that in 25 years it has halved the infant death-rate.

This means that today only half as many of the children born die before they are a year old as died in the opening years of the century, and their better start in life means better health all through their lives.

Many causes have contributed to this result. The Minister of Health has been drawing attention to one. We have abolished Sairey Gamp. Mothers now have trained nurses when their little ones are born, as they had not in Dickens's day, nor for many long years after. As Mr. Neville Chamberlain says:

"I can recollect, just before the war, when I was a member of a local health committee, interviewing some ladies who bore a very strong resemblance to Mrs. Gamp. They could not read a thermometer, and certainly could not keep their notes."

THE DUSTMAN GIVES US SILK

A big factory has been built in Berlin to make artificial silk out of rubbish. The process has been invented by a German engineer named Kurt Gerson, who has devised a machine which sifts anything containing cellulose from the dustman's rubbish.

All such waste can be chemically treated and turned into gun-cotton, or can be used in the spinning of artificial silk.

AN ISLAND HAS A BIRTHDAY

BARBADOS IS 300 YEARS OLD

The Little Colony that James, K. of E., Left Behind for Us

FEAT OF THE OLIVE BLOSSOM

In 1605 the good ship Olive Blossom dropped anchor off an isle in the West Indies. Very beautiful and desirable it looked, so the captain sent some men ashore and they nailed to a tree a notice which ran:

James, K. of E., and of this island.

But as they could not hold the new possession against anyone who might have tried to take it from them the sailors had to go away.

The Birth of the Colony

When the Olive Blossom got back to London they told the king about Barbados, the lonely desert island a little bigger than the Isle of Wight, all clothed in flowery forests, and 22 years later he sent out a body of settlers. Two ships sailed, but only one, the William and John, got safely to port with its 30 passengers. When they arrived a new colony was born, and now that colony is 300 years old.

The once desert isle has now a population of 156,000 people, and it does a good trade in sugar, molasses, and oil. It has very good schools, and a college which is affiliated to the University of Durham, so that its students are admissible to all degrees in the faculties of that university.

Proud of Their Parliament

Never since 1627 has a foreign foe or civil war wrenched Barbados away from the British Commonwealth, and the islanders are proud to think that their House of Assembly is one of the most ancient legislative bodies in the Empire, the only older parliaments being the House of Commons in England and the House of Assembly in Bermuda.

The whole population turned out to celebrate the third centenary of their tiny isle, and everywhere the Union Jack was fluttering above happy crowds. The little old colony has had a very honourable and pleasant life, and everyone in the Mother Island will wish it many happy returns.

FRANCE REMEMBERS AN ENGINEER

A Railway Centenary

A hundred years ago a French engineer, Marc Séguin, came to England and bought two of Stephenson's engines to run on a railway between Saint-Étienne and Lyons.

He found that these early engines were too heavy and too slow, so he built an engine of his own, with a fire-tube boiler, and the wonderful engine was tried on November 7, 1829. Within 36 minutes of lighting the fire the engine drew four trucks of pig-iron weighing 15 tons. Marc Séguin also replaced the cast-iron rails of the horse-drawn trains by rolled iron, and used wooden sleepers for the track.

It was, however, only after a further fifteen years that the French decided, in 1844, to deal with the traffic entirely by steam locomotives. Even then there was no idea of any passengers being carried by railway.

The town of Saint-Étienne is to celebrate this year the centenary of the first railway between Saint-Étienne and Andrézieux, and a statue of Marc Séguin will be unveiled.

March 12, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

9

JUNGLE NEWS

DYAKS FROM THE HILLS

And Timid Cannibals from the Tribes of Papua

SELLING THEMSELVES UP FOR A KNIFE

The forty-mile-wide belt of jungle which separates the New Guinea mountains from the sea has been penetrated at last by white men.

We told some months ago of the expedition sent by the Smithsonian Institution under Dr. Matthew Stirling to explore Dutch New Guinea from the north. Now comes the news that the explorers have threaded their way through the virgin jungle and reached their main objective, the Snow Mountains of the interior and the mysterious land of the pygmies.

Survey by Aeroplane

The Dutch Government took them by steamer to the highest navigable point on the Memberamo River. From that point the line of progress was explored by aeroplane, after which it was a comparatively easy matter to make their way inland by small boats and pathways cut in the jungle. It was in the search afoot for a manageable route that previous expeditions failed. After rendering this essential service the pontoons, or floats, of the plane gave out and it was of no further use!

Next to the aeroplane the greatest asset of the explorers was the company of Dyaks from the hills of Borneo, whose marvellous skill with their light river boats enabled the expedition to navigate seemingly impossible shoals and rapids on the upper reaches of the river.

Primitive Tools and Weapons

The most formidable remaining barrier was that of the tribes of cannibal Papuans. Fortunately their acquaintance with the arts of war belongs to the Stone Age and they have no knowledge of metals, to say nothing of firearms. Their implements, says Dr. Stirling, are stone axes, their weapons bows and arrows, and spears made of human bones.

"They learned the use of fish-hooks by watching the Dyaks. It was a new idea to them, as heretofore the only method they knew was to shoot fish with arrows. It is a tedious business. Their desire to trade for the white men's metal hooks is so great as to render them comically frantic. We induced a group of six Papuans to come near, and held out some small trade articles. They became immensely excited, and leaped around, eagerly tearing off all their ornaments and net bags and handing over their bows and arrows, almost falling down in their eagerness to part with them."

Nervous Traders

While so eager to trade that it was really pitiful to see them, these people were at the same time keyed to the highest pitch of nervous tension. If one reached toward them to point out a belt or an article wanted they would either jump away or stand trembling like a leaf. When somebody pointed at a man in a canoe, indicating the article he wanted, the scared Papuan immediately jumped overboard.

These primitive people will trade away their whole possessions for a knife or a fish-hook.

FLYING MEN NOT TO TALK

Pilots of aeroplanes are no longer to talk by wireless with the aerodromes; they are to use the telegraph instead.

All aeroplanes carrying ten or more passengers must have a wireless operator, and Morse code telegraphy is to be gradually introduced in order to avoid confusion and to speed up traffic. Practically all the aeroplane wireless telephone equipments can be made to work as telegraphs by the simple process of changing over a switch.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

Artist and Adventurer

Salvator Rosa died March 15, 1673.

In the midsummer of 1615 there was born in Arenella, near Naples, a man who played many parts. He was painter, writer, satirist, adventurer, comedian. His name was Salvator Rosa, and he is remembered now as a painter of landscapes and battle scenes who was unrivalled in his day.

Salvator, as we should imagine, was a curious character. His father wanted him to be a lawyer, and sent him to a monastery school, but very early the boy found means of spending most of his spare time drawing. Two of his relations were painters, and Salvator persuaded them, one after the other, to give him lessons.

Then he found means of studying for a time with Ribera, the Spaniard, who had settled in Italy and became the head of the Neapolitan school of painting. He also had a few lessons with a painter of battle scenes. But from the earliest the hills and sea-line of Naples were his greatest masters. He discovered in himself an intense love for wild and desolate scenes, and even when he was harassed by family troubles he found a way of escaping into the wilds to sketch.

Landscapes and Battle Scenes

He painted a number of landscapes, which he managed to sell at a low price, and when he was twenty went to Rome to study. Presently he was back in Naples again, and set to work seriously as a landscape painter. After a time he passed the stage of being satisfied with painting gloomy and barren scenes, often of a considerable grandeur and dignity: his pictures became landscapes with figures—the kind of barbaric men and women who would be suitable to such a background. Then he began to paint the battle scenes that are associated with his name.

In 1638 he went back to Rome. He plunged into the life of the city, a wild and astonishing personality. Salvator was a born actor, had considerable skill as a musician, and had a sharp and bitter pen. He began to write the satires for which he became famous. These writings made him many enemies, but they amused the public, and the young man from Naples found himself famous.

His Own World of Art

Some wild years followed. In Naples Rosa got tangled up with wars and insurrections, was said to live for a spell with brigands in the hills, but he still found time to paint some extraordinary and powerful pictures, like the Death of Socrates, Regulus in the Spiked Cask. Presently came Mercury and the Dishonest Woodman, the only specimen of Salvator's work that we have in the National Gallery.

There is nothing facile or pretty in his art. His pictures often have real grandeur; and although the colour, in sandy high lights and powerful darks, might have been more pleasing, Rosa has his place as a man who escaped from the art of the later years in Italy and created a world of art of his own.

To Florence and Rome

Some of his pictures were satirical on the life and government of the day, and aroused bitter enmity in Rome. The painter judged it wisest to go north. He took his new style of landscape painting to Florence, bragging about it a good deal, modesty not being one of his virtues.

After many years he was back in Rome. He spent the rest of his life there, still writing, conscious of enemies and not caring, and painting some of his best pictures, like the famous Battle Piece and Saul and the Witch of Endor, both in the Louvre.

A NEW FRIEND FOR THE DIVER

Helium Down in the Sea TURNING A WAR-STOCK TO NOBLER USE

A new use has been found for helium, the strange gas which was barely known to exist on the Earth when the century began. It is being used to allow the diver to breathe more easily and to seek greater depths without ill-effects.

Instead of breathing air pumped down to him in his diving helmet he now breathes a mixture of helium and oxygen. The helium is a substitute for the nitrogen with which ordinary air is diluted. As it is a lighter gas it diffuses more readily, and the result is that the diver can reach greater depths without distress, and is less likely to suffer from the ill-effects of heavy pressures afterwards.

Hydrogen was once suggested for the same purpose, but a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen is inflammable, while the mixture of helium and oxygen is not.

Perhaps helium would never have come into this useful service if it had not been that in America there were large stocks of it left after the war. But it proved its usefulness after the tragic sinking of the submarine 'S51', which was brought to the surface by divers breathing the helium-oxygen mixture.

Thus the gas which contributed to the forces of destruction seems to have a new future of life-preservation.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

Which is the Larger, Glasgow or Birmingham?

Glasgow at the last census had a population of 1,034,174 and Birmingham 919,438.

What is a Horse-Power?

A practical unit of power equal to 33,000 foot pounds a minute, a foot pound being the work done in raising one pound vertically one foot.

When Rain Falls on Roofs Why Does it Not all Run Away Immediately?

Most of it does, but a certain quantity adheres to the slates or tiles by cohesion until it evaporates.

Which is the Smallest Country in the World?

The Republic of San Marino, which covers 38 square miles, is the smallest; the Principality of Liechtenstein, 65 square miles, is second; and the Republic of Andorra, which covers 191 square miles, is third.

Why Has a Threepennybit an Unmilled Edge?

The milling was put on a coin to stop the clipping of the edges, a form of robbery once common. The threepennybit is so small that it would not pay to clip it, and so milling is unnecessary.

What Causes a Mirage?

A mirage is an image of some actual scene often distorted and made to appear where it does by being refracted or bent through various layers of air of different densities. It is fully explained in the Children's Encyclopedia.

Is it True that We do Not Dream for More Than Two or Three Minutes?

Experiment has proved that the apparently long dreams covering the experience of months or years are purely momentary, as they have occurred in a minute or two of sleep between two waking periods.

Where and How Do Monkey Nuts Grow?

The monkey or ground nut, *Arachis hypogea*, is a native of Africa, but is now grown in the West Indies, India, America, and elsewhere. The pods of the nuts are first formed in the air, and are afterwards forced into the ground, where they increase in size and ripen.

Why Do Waves Roll Toward the Shore Even When the Tide Recedes?

Because the force which sets the surface of the sea moving with a waving motion occurs far out, and naturally the wave motion is toward the land. This does not mean that the water itself is moving toward the shore.

THE LION IN THE SKY

LEO'S DOUBLE SUNS

The Moon Passes Through a Brilliant Constellation

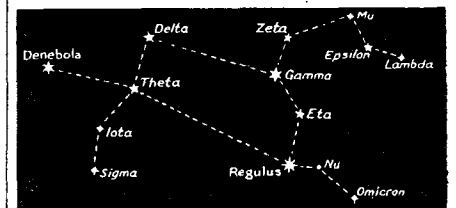
GOLDEN STARS WITH GREEN COMPANIONS

By the C.N. Astronomer

On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of next week the Moon will pass through the constellation of Leo the Lion, so we shall have a good opportunity of identifying the chief stars of this striking group. They will be greatly dimmed by the Moon's presence, but later on may be seen to advantage when our satellite is out of the way.

Only a few constellations bear even a remote resemblance to the object after which they are named, but in the case of Leo an elementary outline of a running or springing animal is suggested by the arrangement of its stars, as we may see from our star map.

Regulus, the royal star, was known to the Romans as Rex, and even as far back as the dawn of history, to the ancient Babylonians, as the King's Star, which gives us some idea of the extreme antiquity of many of the star names. Regulus is approaching us at



The Chief Stars of Leo the Lion

some 330 miles a minute, and as a sun it is of great interest, for it possesses a companion sun of the eighth magnitude, perceptible in small telescopes, this companion being, in turn, composed of two suns, similar in type to our Sun.

These are probably much smaller, for their combined light is less. They are at a great distance from Regulus, yet apparently connected with him, for they have been found to be moving together in the same direction, and their distance from us has been calculated to be nearly the same—that is, about 6,200,000 times as far as our Sun, their light taking nearly 99 years to reach us.

Regulus is a sun enveloped in helium and is in a very early stage of stellar evolution. It radiates about 270 times the light of our Sun, from which we gain some idea of its immensity.

Four Double Suns

Beta in Leo, also known as Denebola, is very much smaller and nearer to us; a sun radiating about twelve times the light of our Sun and enveloped chiefly in incandescent hydrogen. Denebola also has an eighth-magnitude companion apparently near it, but while the parallax of Denebola indicates a distance of 32 light-years, that of the companion appears to be 38 light-years, a difference of 35 million million miles.

Gamma in Leo is another immense sun, a golden one, with a greenish companion which revolves round it in 407 years, together making an exceedingly beautiful pair. Spectroscopic measurements indicate that the larger, golden sun is about 2,800,000 times as far away as our Sun, and that its light has taken 44 years to reach us.

An interesting sun is Zeta in Leo, 326 light-years distant. This also has a companion; but as they are very far apart, and separating, they are probably only in the line of sight.

Yet another double sun is Iota, which appears small on account of its distance, about 58 light-years. The larger star is golden and the smaller greenish—a arrangement similar to Gamma's. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Venus in the west, Mars south-west. In the morning Saturn in the south-east.

S.O.S.

CHAPTER 68

Better than Bombs

ANDY, too, spotted the covetous glare in Gadsden's eyes, and moved quietly over to Jim.

"I guess you saw it, son," he whispered.

"I should think I did," replied Jim in an equally low voice. "Gadsden means to have some of those stones."

"I don't reckon he'll try anything before night," said Andy.

"Nor then either," Jim answered grimly, but as Ilak had mounted the platform under the golden sun and begun to speak he said no more.

Alan, who had managed to learn the Hula language during his stay in the valley, translated. Ilak, he told them, welcomed the strangers from the East, and hoped that they would help his people to drive out the invaders. He understood that they were interested in the history of his ancient nation, and promised that once the Bakairi were out of the valley he would show them the records preserved in the temple. He ended by promising to do all he could for his visitors. When he had finished the people gave a sort of cheer, but it was a feeble effort.

"They're scared stiff," said Andy in Jim's ear.

Alan came over to them. "I have to go and relieve Juan," he said. "Ilak will look after you folk."

"We'll come and help you," said Greg.

"No, you won't," said Alan with a smile. "You'll go and get a bathe and a feed and a jolly good rest. There's no danger during the day. It's at night we have to look out so sharply. You see, there's nearly a mile of cliff to guard, and that's no joke when you've got only feeble folk like these Hulas to depend on."

Jim was on the point of telling Alan that he had someone else to look out for besides the Bakairi, but checked himself. "Alan's got enough to worry about," was his thought. "We'll watch Gadsden."

Alan went off, and Ilak and his people took charge of their visitors. Jim and Sam and Greg were given a room together, a great big room, with a floor of smooth blocks of stone and walls so thick that it was delightfully cool. But what pleased the boys much more than anything else was their dressing-room, which contained a huge bath about twelve feet square.

It took them about half a minute to strip and jump in. All through their long travels they had hardly ever dared to bathe because of snakes and alligators, and the joy of soaking their hot, dusty bodies in perfect safety was simply delightful. When they came out they found that suits of Hula blue had been set out for them, with underwear spun of some silky fabric which was soft yet cool.

A little man came to tell them that dinner was ready, and led them into another room, where they found the Professor and Andy, dressed like themselves and looking very cool and comfortable.

Andy grinned a welcome. "It was worth the walk to get the bath," he remarked. "And, say, when I get back to the States I'm going to take out a patent for these clothes."

"Here's the grub," said Greg, as two pretty Hula girls brought in some dishes and arranged them on a low table.

The food was very simple, a dish of meat stewed with vegetables, bread made of maize flour, bananas, and oranges. For drink there was a jug of something which looked like cider but tasted better.

Presently Alan's partner, the young Brazilian Juan Almeida, came in. He was a tall youngster, much fairer than most of his countrymen and very good-looking. The boys took to him at once.

"I am most glad to see you," he said in excellent English. "Alan

The Wireless Mystery

By T. C. Bridges

and I have had more than we could do since we arrived here."

"He told us," said Jim, "you've had to be up and about every night."

"Indeed, yes," replied Juan.

"The Hulas are nice people, but poor fighters, and no match for the Bakairi, who are savage brutes. It has been one long struggle to keep them out of the valley."

"We will help you stand guard," said Greg.

"I hope there will not be need for many more nights on guard," said Juan. "Alan, I think, means to attack as soon as possible."

"With his aeroplane?" asked Jim.

"Yes," Juan answered, "with his aeroplane."

"But has he bombs?" asked Greg.

Juan shook his head. "He has something better," he told them.

CHAPTER 69

On Patrol

THE rest pricked up their ears. "Better than bombs?" they repeated.

Juan smiled. "Better so far as the Bakairi are concerned. Alan means to use that blue liquid which the Hulas use for lighting the tunnels."

"The cold fire," said the Professor quickly. "But—but, Señor Almeida, it will not hurt them."

"It will do better, than that, sir: it will frighten them. You understand," he added, after a little pause, "that these savages have never seen it. But they are terribly superstitious, and their chief superstition is fear of the Moon. Now do you comprehend?"

Greg chuckled. "Liquid moon-light!" he said. "Rather!"

The Professor nodded. "It may work. Indeed, I think it will work, especially on a dark night."

"That is it," agreed Juan. "We wait for a dark night."

"We brought only ten gallons of petrol," said the Professor. "One tin we had to use to drive off the Night-Seers. Is it enough?"

"I think so," said Juan. "Indeed I feel sure it will be enough, for if our plan works at all it will work quickly."

They sat together for some time, talking things over, then Juan got up.

"I am going to have a siesta," he said; "and you, too, will be better for a rest."

"I could do with a week in bed," said Andy, with his pleasant grin.

"You will not get that, I fear," smiled Juan, "but you have four or five hours between this and supper."

"Oughtn't we to put a guard in the temple?" suggested Jim rather anxiously. "I'm afraid of what Gadsden may be after."

"No need, I think, at present," Juan told him. "Ilak will be there with his priests, and if anything happened he would send to us for help. Besides, Gadsden and his men are as tired as you are. You can sleep in peace this afternoon."

"That will be fine," declared Sam, and he was right, for when at six o'clock they were roused from their hammocks they all felt like new men. They had another bathe then went to supper. Alan came in before they had finished the meal.

"Any of you folk feel up to patrol duty tonight?" he asked, and all with one breath volunteered.

"I'll take Sam and Jim for first watch," he said. "At midnight Juan will relieve us, with Mr. Milliken and Gregory."

"I guess Andy's my name—to my pals," put in the American, and Alan laughed.

"All right, Andy, I'm only too pleased to be counted as your pal," he answered.

It was not yet dark when Alan went out with Sam and Jim. He led them through broad streets bordered with dome-shaped houses built of solid stone. Some were cracked by earthquake, but most were still sound.

"Nearly all empty," said Alan sadly. "In the old days there were

fifty thousand people here; now there are only five hundred."

"What's the matter with them?" asked Sam.

"Nothing particular. Of course, the big earthquakes killed a lot, but that was three hundred years ago. The whole race is just worn out, and even if the Bakairi do not get them I don't think they will last more than a hundred years or so."

"The Bakairi shan't get 'em, anyhow," said Sam stoutly.

"Look out they don't get you," said Alan, and jerked Sam aside just in time to escape an arrow, which struck with a sharp thud just where he had been standing and stuck quivering in the ground.

"Remember they are all along the top of the cliff," he added, "and it's not dark yet."

They waited a while under cover of a wall, then went on. The cliff at the back of the city was not merely sheer, but actually overhung, so that once they were close under it they were safe from the missiles of the Bakairi. Here they found Juan with a body of about twenty Hulas.

"Anything new?" asked Alan.

"Nothing except that two of our chaps had a narrow escape from a big rock the Bakairi rolled over," replied Juan.

"That's nothing new," said Alan, rather grimly. "Well, cut along, Juan, and get a good sleep. My cousin Gregory and Andrew Milliken are coming to help you at midnight."

CHAPTER 70

When the Storm Broke

JUST before twelve Jim, still on patrol, met Alan.

"Time's almost up," said Alan. "Juan will be along very soon. It's been quiet so far."

"Perhaps because the Bakairi know you've got reinforcements," suggested Jim.

"It may be, but to my mind they've been a bit too quiet. It's the first night for weeks that they haven't tried anything. They're as cute as monkeys. The other night I heard something, and spotted what I thought was a lot of chaps coming down. Blessed if they weren't letting down dummies at one end of the cliff, and I caught on to it only just in time to bolt off to the other end, where the real attack had started. It was pretty lively for a bit."

"Here's Juan," said Jim. "Do you think he'd like us to stay a bit?"

"Not he," Alan answered. "You and Sam will turn in at once. I'm going back with you."

It was very dark as they walked back through the empty streets of empty houses.

"I shouldn't wonder if it rained," said Alan. "Good job if it does," he continued, "for the Bakairi

don't like rain. At any rate, they have never tried to get down the cliff on a wet night."

Alan was right in his weather forecast, for the boys had hardly reached their quarters before there was a flash of lightning followed by a rolling peal of thunder; then down came the rain.

"Poor old Juan!" said Jim, as he looked out. "He'll be drowned. There's thunder again, Sam."

"That last wasn't thunder," said Sam sharply. "It was firing."

Both stood silent for a moment, listening. The sound came again.

"You're right, Sam," said Jim briefly. "In spite of what Alan said, the Bakairi must be on the job. Come on! It's up to us to lend a hand."

Plunging on their hats and taking their pistols they charged out into the pouring rain. In their hurry they forgot to take their bearings, and when the next flash came Jim noticed that they were in a street he did not know.

"I've spotted that already," Sam said when he told him. "I've got the general direction in my head, but it's no use trying to work through these alleys we don't know. The big square is over there. Let's get back to it. Then I shall know which way to go."

"You lead," said Jim briefly, and Sam, who had the true sailor's head for direction, wheeled and went straight back into the square.

"That's our way," he said, "past the temple."

Another flash of lightning blazed across the sky, and Jim stopped short and caught Sam's arm.

"Stop!" he whispered sharply, and pulled the other behind a buttress.

"What's up?" demanded Sam.

"Someone going into the temple. It wasn't one of the Hulas. He was too tall. I believe it was Gadsden."

Sam stopped short. "The thief!" he growled. "He's after those jewels."

"That's it," Jim answered. "We've got to stop him."

Sam did not often hesitate, but now he looked uncertain. "Can we risk it?" he asked. "I mean oughtn't we go and help Juan?"

"I don't believe they need any help," said Jim shrewdly. "My notion is that some of Gadsden's men fired those shots just to put us off the scent."

As he spoke another glare of white fire flung up everything into strong relief. It showed the square streaming in water, the monstrous mass of the temple, and a thick-set, brown-faced man standing in the entrance.

"That's one of Gadsden's men," said Jim swiftly. "Gadsden must have put him on guard. What shall we do, Sam? Hadn't we better get hold of the Professor?"

"No time," Sam told him. "The damage will be done before we can fetch him. Jim, it's up to us. We can stalk that guard and hold him up. Come on!"

In a job like this Sam was splendid, for in spite of his weight and strength he was as quick on his feet as a cat. Jim was quite content to let him lead. The chief danger was that the lightning would show them up, but Sam dodged from pillar to pillar of the temple porch, keeping well under cover, and the first thing Gadsden's man knew of his presence was the muzzle of Sam's pistol jammed against the back of his neck.

"Keep quiet!" ordered Sam fiercely. "Put your hands up."

Taken seemingly by surprise, the fellow obeyed.

"Tie and gag him, Jim," said Sam. Jim stepped forward, but as he did so two men sprang out from behind the angle of the great door, and while one knocked the pistol from Sam's hand the other caught Jim round the body with his big arms and pinned him helplessly.

Next instant Gadsden's voice was heard. "Good for you, José," he said. "Tie the young beggars and bring them in. We will leave them here for the night, for we shall be gone long before they are found."

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Traveller

IT was in Cornwall, on the coast. Old Mrs. Wallace sat in her little house by the sea with her granddaughter.

"But why don't you want to go to London, Granny?" asked Minnie once again.

"I'm going. It's very silly of me, but I have a feeling that Winter will leave me altogether if the cottage is shut up," said Granny, casting a loving look at a beautiful big white cat that sat washing its face on the window-sill, among the ferns.

"But we'll take Winter to live in our house near by, and give her the best of everything," cried Minnie.

"She likes her own place best, and if I lost her I don't know what she'd do," Granny said. "I love her dearly. And cats hate visiting."

After this nobody said much about the matter. But the children consulted their mother, and went to fetch Winter many hours before Granny left her cottage for a fortnight in London with her married son. They had a secret plan. Winter was to be sent up to London, to be met at Paddington by Uncle Dick, and to be waiting for Granny when she arrived the next evening!

This was on Tuesday evening. On Wednesday morning Winter, in a comfortable basket covered down with strong muslin, was put aboard the London express. On Thursday Granny was to start. If only she would not come round and ask to see Winter again!

The children were terrified about it. And round she came, sure enough, in her white shawl after tea on Wednesday (by which time the adventurous puss must be speeding through the Home Counties) to ask how her dear Win had settled down!

"I don't know exactly where she is," Minnie had to admit, and Granny's face clouded.

"She's strayed already, has she?" she said anxiously.

All the way up next day the old lady thought of her cat. Winter, hungry, puzzled, and lovely, would come mewing round the white cottage on the shore with its locked door. Alas!

But she cheered up when her son met her and popped her into a taxi and drove her to his home at Cricklewood. She loved to hear her boy's voice. She forgot Winter for the moment.

And she liked the welcome from her son's wife and his two boys. But she was tired, and at the back of her mind was the thought that she should not have come.

But when she went up to her bedroom to unpack the Cornish pasties she had brought for the children what should she see, curled up like a lovely snowball on her pink ciderdown, comfortable and happy, but her darling Winter.

Granny's happy face was pleasant to look upon as she hurried downstairs again, hugging her pet in her arms.

Show this to Mother!



SPECIAL KITCHENCRAFT NUMBER

This special issue of the QUIVER will appeal to every home lover. It is packed with fascinating articles dealing with the kitchen, the chief of which has been written by the famous author, ANNIE S. SWAN. There are labour-saving hints in plenty, and many powerful stories by well-known writers. Don't miss this special Kitchencraft number of

The Quiver

Now on Sale 1/-



The Sun Will Arise and Make Happy the Skies



THE BRAN TUB

Word Building

FILL the blanks in the following story with words made from the letters in the word FARMING. No word is repeated and no letter used twice in the same word.

I have a —. It is not — from the — road. I — to raise —. I have one — tree. Also I have — old — and a big — who — away one day, knocked down a —, and hurt his —. There is good — here whether we have — or — weather. I shall — weight — I — here long.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery

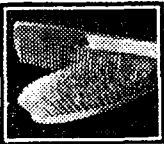


The Cape Hyrax

THE Hyraxes, of which there are about twenty various species, are confined to Africa, Arabia, and Syria. They are alert little animals, roughly the size of a rabbit. The Cape Hyrax has soft, fine hair and an irregular oval black spot on its back. It is generally dark brown, speckled with pale yellow or white.

Nature's Brush and Comb

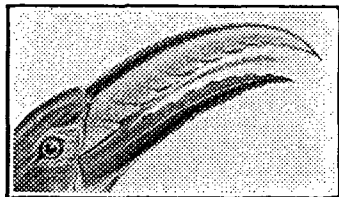
It was an early instinct of man as he grew to civilisation to brush or comb his hair into orderliness. Many animals have a similar impulse, though the cat tribe, for instance, attains tidiness by other means. The



A brush and comb



A spider's foot



A toucan's beak

toucan has a beak with equipment which serves admirably as a brush and comb for its feathers, and the garden spider's feet under the microscope show contrivances just like brushes and combs, which it uses to clear its body of any gossamer or web which may cling to it.

How Calico Got Its Name

CALICO is a cloth made from cotton, usually white, but sometimes printed with patterns. It was first manufactured at Calicut, in India, whence it was imported into England; and as Calicut was formerly called Calicow and Caleco, this name, slightly modified in spelling, was given to all cloth of the same character.

Ici On Parle Français

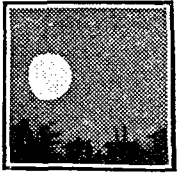


Une arche Le bras La flèche

L'arche de Noé flotte sur les eaux
Cet homme montre son bras gauche
La flèche n'a pas manqué la cible

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE peacock is heard screaming. The last of the woodcocks are flying away. The pied wagtail is heard. The frog is spawning. The humble-bee appears. The brimstone butterfly is seen on the wing. Gossamer floats in the air. The aspen, coltsfoot, and common elm are in flower. The blackcurrant, lilac, syringa, dog rose, snowberry, and privet are opening their leaves.



Looking South 8 p.m., March 16

Is Your Name Bailey?

THE name Bailey is from the Old French bailif or bailli, a caretaker, and has many curious modern applications. Bail, or bailey, also means a ward or guardroom in a fortress, and some Baileys may have been in charge of such places.

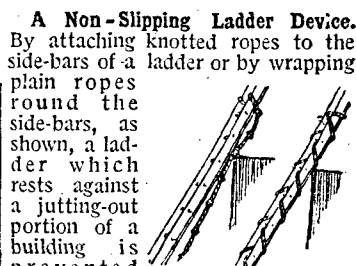
Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

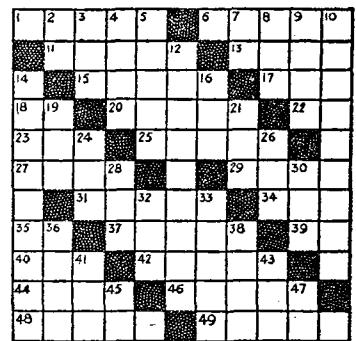
A Tea-Strainer and Tin-Opener in One. Shaped somewhat like a tin lid, this handy article has, instead of the usual flat top, a dome-shaped, perforated top, intended for use as a tea-strainer when reversed.

Near the rim is a small cutter, which can be used as a tin-opener when the device is in the position shown. The position of the cutter can be adjusted for opening tins of different sizes. The handle and hook which support the tea-strainer on the cup act as levers when the tin-opener is in use.

A Non-Slipping Ladder Device. By attaching knotted ropes to the side-bars of a ladder or by wrapping plain ropes round the side-bars, as shown, a ladder which rests against a jutting-out portion of a building is prevented from slipping. The rope bites against the projecting edge, thus securing a good grip; and as an additional security the lower end of the rope may be attached to a ring in the wall.



Cross Word Puzzle



THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.

Reading Across.—1. Beneath these words. 6. A cutter. 11. A civiliser. 13. A Mohammedan caliph. 15. A banqueter. 17. Sir Frank Dicksee. 18. You and me. 20. Doctrine. 22. Doctor (abbrev.). 23. Meadow. 25. God of war. 27. Undergarment. 29. —, or Little by Little. 31. Historic narratives. 34. Artist's honour (abbrev.). 35. Learned society (abbrev.). 37. A plate. 39. Latin conjunction. 40. A carp-like fish. 42. A Spanish man. 44. Nought. 46. A nose. 48. A planet. 49. Aggravate.

Reading Down.—2. Close to. 3. A cushion. 4. To discharge. 5. Restore. 7. Negative. 8. Mischievous person. 9. Cultivated land. 10. Root out. 12. Makes new. 14. Reduce to dust. 16. A colour. 19. Look. 21. Small hillock of sand. 24. A donkey. 26. Controllers of Bisle (abbrev.). 28. A gentle blow. 30. Wrath. 32. An elastic fluid. 33. Dried leaves of an Eastern plant. 36. A notion. 38. Midday. 41. To stray. 43. To flow. 45. Part of the Bible (abbrev.). 47. In the direction of.

Jacko Sees a Watch

A WEEK before Jacko's tenth birthday his mother gave him a staggering surprise. "What would you say to a watch as your birthday present?" she asked.

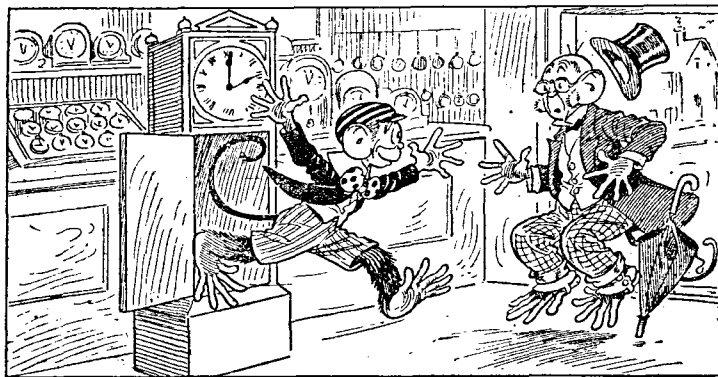
"Great Scott!" Jacko murmured, as soon as he could get his breath. "I say, Mater, you aren't pulling my leg, are you?"

"If you mean, am I joking?" Mother Jacko replied, "I am not. I think you are quite old enough to have a watch, and I shall be very disappointed in you if you are careless enough to break it."

Jacko breathed heavily, drew his hand dramatically across his forehead, and went out into the garden to recover.

A watch of his own! The thought was a pleasant one; he played with it for some time.

Half an hour later he was standing in front of a watchmaker's shop in the High Street. He had chosen the watch he



"Help!" exclaimed the old gentleman

wanted—a handsome gold one—and was longing to handle it.

He pushed the door open and went in.

"Please, how much is that big gold watch in the middle of the window?" he asked politely.

The man pushed his spectacles a little higher up on his forehead and leaned over the counter.

"Now, you be off!" he said. "Don't come bothering me with your nonsense, for I'm busy!"

"It isn't nonsense," began Jacko indignantly, but before he could say another word the door opened again, and an old gentleman came in. The watchmaker forgot Jacko, and gave all his attention to the new customer.

While they were talking Jacko slipped round to the window and feasted his eyes on the treasure. If only he could take it in his hand and examine it more closely!

He glanced at the watchmaker. No; it wasn't safe.

As he moved off to the door he brushed against a tall grandfather clock standing in the middle of the shop. A bright idea struck him. He would hide in the clock till the man had gone back into his parlour and he was alone; that would just give him the opportunity he wanted.

Quick as lightning he opened the little door and sprang inside. He was squatting down, chuckling to himself, when he heard the old gentleman say: "What about that grandfather clock? Ah, there it is! What are the works like?"

"Have a look at them for yourself, sir," said the man, flinging open the door.

"Help!" cried Jacko feebly.

"Help!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Whatever—"

"You young scoundrel!" cried the watchmaker. "It's all right, sir. It's only a mischievous boy playing pranks."

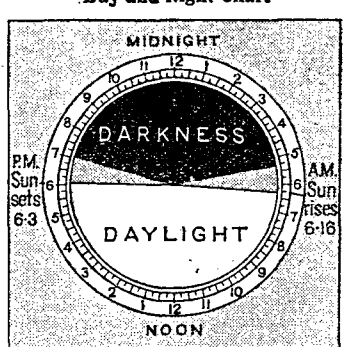
But the old gentleman had gone. And, before anyone could stop him Jacko sprang out and ran away.

A Puzzle in Rhyme

NUMBER one is in vicious but not in wild,
Number two is in placid but not in mild,
Number three is in humble but not in low,
Number four is in iceberg but not in floe,
Number five is in early but not in late,
Number six is in despise but not in hate,
Number seven is in saddle but not in strap,
Number eight is in knocking but not in rap,
Number nine is in bending but not in turning,
My whole is a seat of knowledge and learning.

Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

DI MERRYMAN

In the Dark

A TRAVELLER was talking of some of the great cities he had visited, and he happened to remark that London was the foggiest city he knew.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed an indignant Londoner. "I've been in a foggiest place than London."

"Where was that?" asked the traveller.

"I couldn't find out where it was," replied the Londoner; "it was too foggy."

"No, Thank You!"

QUOTH a Crab down at Sunburn-on-Sea,

"Social pleasures mean nothing to me.

Folks who ask me are kind,

But I've made up my mind

That I won't join the Winkles at tea!"

The Tale of a Partridge

THREE travelling companions arrived at an inn and ordered lunch. They were served with two pigeons and a partridge, all on one dish. Each traveller had an eye on the partridge, and each tried to find a way of discreetly placing it in front of himself.

One talked about the rotation of the Earth. "You know (he said) that according to Copernicus the Earth turns like this, and again like that"; and while he talked he took hold of the dish and quietly turned it round so that the partridge was in front of him.

"Well," said the second man, "as for me, you see, I still prefer the old system," and he took the dish and turned it until the partridge was again in front of his place.

Said the third traveller: "I shan't trouble to decide which of your opinions is the better. I hope they are both good. What concerns me is that I prefer the partridge."

Youth and Age



IN the merry springtime the young lambs

Are as active and frisky as kittens.

They go skipping all day, while their ma

Sits and knits her own wool into mittens!

Explaining the Meaning

AT the end of a reading lesson the teacher questioned the children as to the meaning of some of the words, and asked Isabel: What is a kick?

Isabel showed with a gesture.

"Oh, but I don't understand. If I were blind how would you explain it to me?"

"I would give you one!"

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Beheaded Word
Swing, wing, gin.

A Word Transposed
Bread, beard

Hidden Flowers
Cowslip, foxglove, primrose, Canterbury bell, hawkweed, heartsease, larkspur, snapdragon.

An Animal Jig-Saw Puzzle



What Am I? Safety first

Changeling

Goal, goat, boat, boot, foot.

Who Was He?

The Father of the Novel was Henry Fielding.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

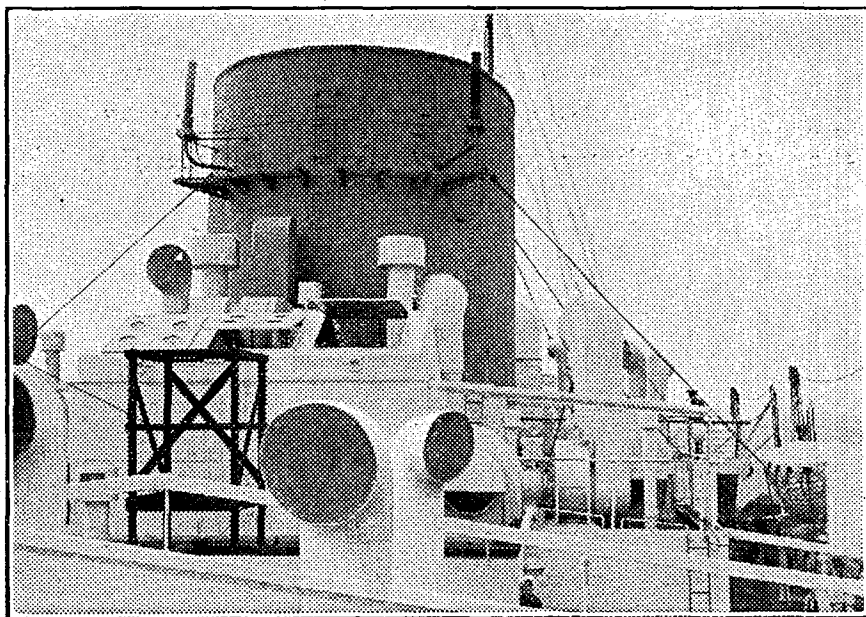
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 12, 1927

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

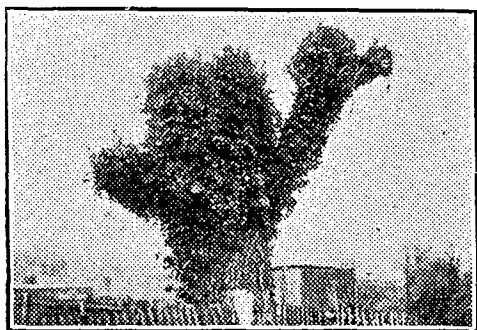
SPRINGTIME AGAIN · THE CAMEL TREE · AN UNWELCOME GUEST



A New Motor-Liner—This picture was taken on the new motor-liner Alcantara just before her first voyage to South America. The black framework is the direction-finding aerial.



Spring in the Flower Islands—In the Scilly Isles the chief industry is the cultivation of narcissi in fields like this. In one week recently seventy tons of Spring flowers were sent to London.



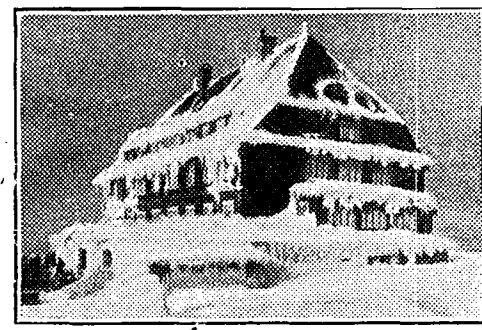
The Camel Tree—This tree stump overgrown with ivy stands in a field at Leicester, and attracts much attention by its resemblance to a camel.



Getting Ready for the Sunshine—In the famous hat-manufacturing town of Luton preparations for the summer are in full swing, and here we see hundreds of Panama hats in process of drying.



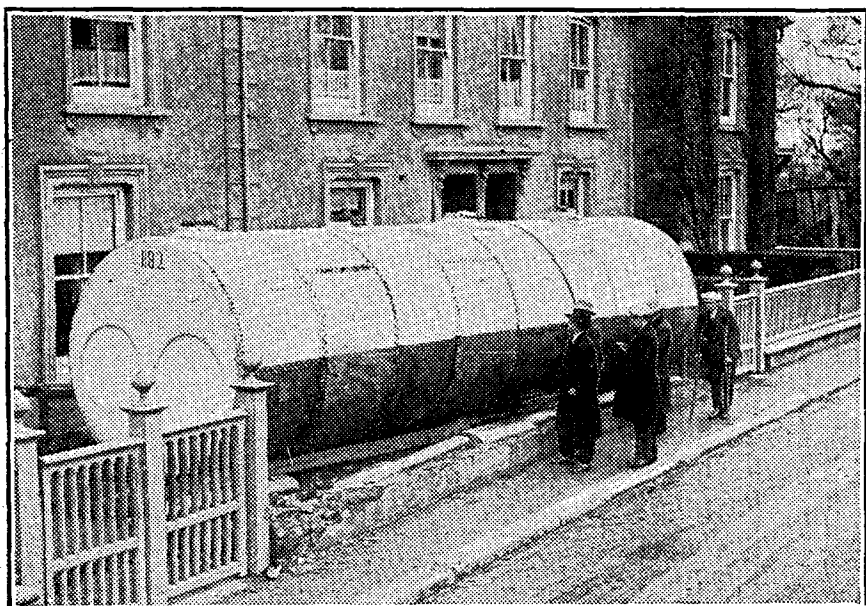
Lunch-Time in Richmond Park—Although many motor-roads run through Richmond Park there are some parts of the great park where deer can wander all day without seeing anyone. In this picture, however, we see a girl sharing her lunch with a deer that made friends with her in the park one morning.



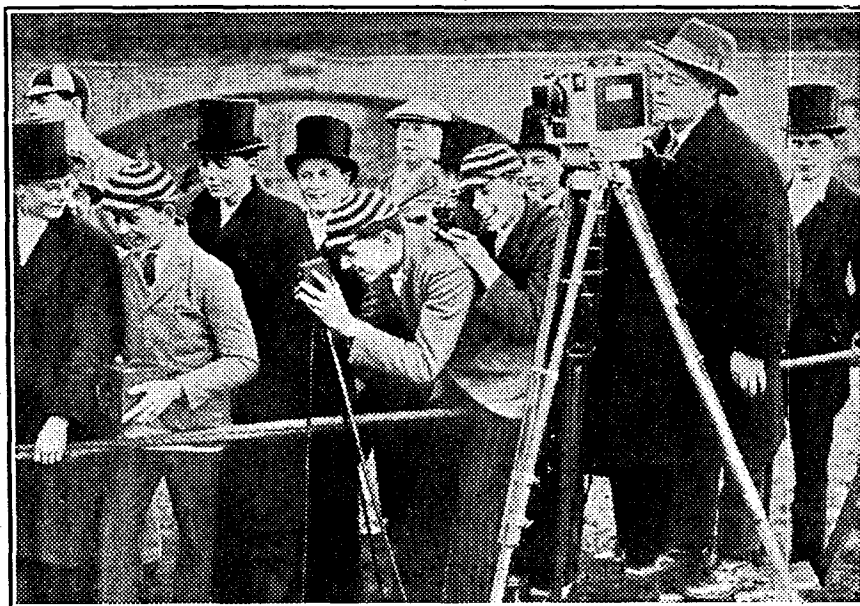
Winter Lingers in Germany—This German hotel presented a curious appearance after a recent storm had left it fantastically decorated with snow and ice.



School of Pottery for Children—At an art school in St. John's Wood, London, many of the students are children under fourteen. Here we see some of the girls learning to make artistic models in clay.



Strange Intruder in a Garden—At Penryn, in Cornwall, a petrol storage-tank was being hauled into position on a steep hill when the hawser broke and the tank rolled down the hill. Here we see how the tank finished its career by crashing into the front garden of a house.



Kinema Cameras at Eton—At the Eton steeplechase races the other day a kinema photographer was taking films, and here we see two boys with miniature cameras who have stationed themselves beside the professional to profit by his knowledge of a good viewpoint.

ONE OF CECIL RHODES'S DREAMS—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these Agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency. R/R.